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YOUNG
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Dad
Mom
Helen
Marion
Katy
LaVell
Norma
Jack
Max
Bob

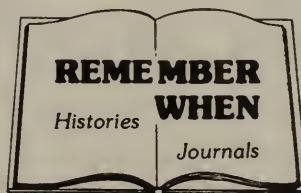
Y O U N G A T H E A R T

PART II

GENEALOGY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

MARY JANE HATCH GIBBONS
October 27, 1893
Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona

MARION VINSON GIBBONS
November 22, 1888
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona



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YOUNG AT HEART

We don't know what he said
When he asked her to wed
Fifty years ago.
Did he woo her with money
And say, "I love you, honey"
Fifty years ago?
Did he promise her the stars,
Trips to Venus and Mars?
Or a life filled with joys,
Shared by eight girls and boys?
No, we think - - - just maybe
He said, "Dear Lady"
Won't you come along with me

AND

Be my life's companion
And you'll never grow old,
Never grow old - - no, you'll
never grow old.
Love and joy and happiness
Are yours to have and hold.
Be my life's companion
And you'll never grow old.

- - Music "Young at Heart" and "My Life's Companion". Words to "Young at Heart" written by Leon Gibbons for the Golden Wedding Celebration. Sung by the M. H. Gibbons family.

THE FAMILY REUNION

We used to pitch horseshoes,
wage wars of croquet,
and one sunny Christmas, we
played "keep-away."
We played anteover,
ran races in sacks,
wore knees from our trousers
via marbles and jacks.
But now we are older with
wisdom instilled,
with each once-loose garment
quite solidly filled.
We're no longer athletic,
it is sad to report--
wielding table tools
now is our daring-est sport!

A PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY

Almighty God, our Father, we thank You
for our home and pray that You will bless
all who live within this family circle. We
are grateful for Your mercies which daily
attend our days; for food, clothing and
shelter, for the warmth of our affection
and for the ties that bind us together.

Help us so to live each day and so to
love one another that we may never be
afraid or ashamed but always may our hearts
be happy, our thoughts good, our words
gentle, our deeds genuine and our hands
ready to help.

Daily renew our strength, replenish
our love and restore our faith that we may
face life bravely because we face it together. On this Family Reunion Day deepen
our love for one another and for You that
love may reign in every room in our hearts
and rule in every room in our home.

EDWARD G. LATCH, Chaplain
U. S. House of Representatives

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
HELEN GIBBONS SULLIVAN CAMPBELL, Branch 1	1
Michael Gibbons Sullivan	16
Steven Sean Sullivan	25
MARION HATCH GIBBONS, Branch 2	32
Alan Keene Gibbons	39
KATY GIBBONS LEE, Branch 3	41
Arlo Vinson Lee	50
Howard Neil Lee	54
Larry Van Lee	57
Cheryl Ann Lee Smith	60
Mary Frances Lee Brower	63
Ronald John Lee	67
LAVELLE GIBBONS WHITING DESPAIN, Branch 4	70
Pamela Jo Whiting Benson	88
Claudia Whiting Lowell	93
Kenneth Virgil Whiting	99
NORMA GIBBONS JOHNS, Branch 5	102
Mary Katherine Johns Barney	113
Jacquelynn Lee Johns Smith	118
Randall Scott Johns	123
JACK VINSON GIBBONS, Branch 6	126
Candace Gibbons Greer	139
VAL MAX GIBBONS, Branch 7	142
Valri Jean Gibbons Cherry	151
ROBERT RAY GIBBONS, Branch 8	153

MEMORIES

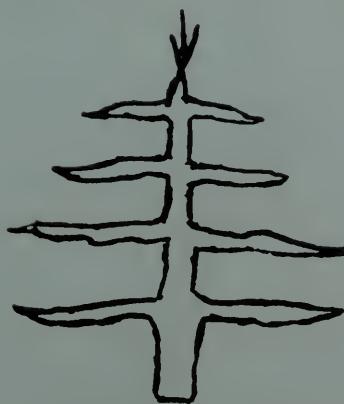
Mom and Her Girls	160
Letter from Bob	162
Mom's "Notes"	166
Letter from Dad to Bob & Yvonne	169
Mom's Account of Dad's Death	170

PREFACE

All stories and pictures should have been as of June, 1975. However, this is not the case. Many were submitted very late, and other children had joined the family! Usually the stories and dates mentioned will clarify this.

Helen Gibbons Sullivan

Branch I





July 10, 1975

HELEN GIBBONS SULLIVAN

MARRIES

JOHN MORRIS CAMPBELL



HONEYMOONERS

Could ten years go so fast and still have so much happen in them? Our first "Young at Heart" began in 1965 on our wonderful parents' 50th wedding anniversary. I promised at that time that as long as I was able I'd get out a new edition every ten years. You know you're a great family, but what a job it is to get family histories and pictures from you; but believe me, it is worth it...and I love you all dearly.

For some 34 years now instead of sending Christmas cards, we have written a letter...this is a very controversial thing. Some say, "They're great..." Some say they are insulted when they receive a printed letter. You may have your own opinions, but believe me they are the answer when you want to go back ten years and see what has happened. So here we go back with a year to year report.

1966--We lost two of Neil's brothers this year; Dan, the oldest in the Sullivan family, and Jack, third down the line. Also in June of this year, we lost Gramps Gibbons. He was 77 and had lived every year to the fullest. We will be quoting him and remembering his great philosophy of life always.

This was also the year that Lynn Kaufman came to live with us for about seven months. We did enjoy having her. She and Sean had fun fighting over the floor furnace on cold mornings and going to high school.. she a senior; Sean a junior. Mike was a freshman at the University of Arizona. I've often said that other people marked time with summer, winter, spring and fall; but the Sullivans went by football, basketball, and baseball. Both boys took part in all three sports and Neil and I were always there to proudly watch them. Might add that at least ninety percent of all TV watching in the Sullivan household was some kind of

sports. Sean was one of the Homecoming Royalty this year.

Neil's army reunion was held this year in Omaha, Nebraska, and we enjoyed getting there on the train. Visited Boy's Town and SAC besides all the old army buddies and their wives and families. A fun Hatch reunion in the White Mountains--Homecoming in Flagstaff, Spook Night in Jerome and Mom and Dad's day at the University of Arizona made a busy and enjoyable year. Rounded out twelve years of teaching kindergarten, got to skip the first grade and go to second grade!

1967 brought our 25th wedding anniversary and though we didn't do anything spectacular to celebrate we did truly give thanks for a fruitful and happy marriage. Sean graduated from high school with many honors, valedictorian (he had a perfect scholastic record), several good scholarships, the Bausch and Lomb Science Award and he lettered in three sports. He will go to the University of Arizona, too. Mike has now decided to become a lawyer. Sean will go into Business Administration.

I shall never forget the time and will always be grateful for the coveted Alumni Award I received at the NAU Homecoming in Flagstaff this year. Many wonderful relatives and friends came to share this humbling experience. The award will always occupy a prominent place in our home. My good friend, **Florence Odle** made the presentation and I was so glad Inez Udall Turley could be there for it, too.

How good it was to have Elma Udall visit us this year and invite us to travel with her in Europe next year.

Attended Spook Night in Jerome with 550 others and we get such a kick out of the old timers still calling Neil "that Sullivan

kid". Some of them put "onery" in front of the handle for him...Mom and Dad's Day in Tucson was especially thrilling as we were proudly escorted around the campus by our two fine sons. They seemed proud of us, too.

1968 - All we needed was Elma's invitation and some family encouragement to take off for a three weeks' tour of some of the European countries. We met Elma in London after a disastrous delay in New York. They didn't deliver our telegram, so Elma had no idea what had happened to us. She is a veteran at coping with such, though, and didn't give up. Neil had always wanted to go back and ride over the route he had walked during World War II. This is exactly what we did. After four wonderful days in London, we took the ferry across the English Channel, then rented a car and rode across France, stopping whenever we wanted. I was the backseat driver, while Elma and Neil handled the little Fiat with skill, and it takes it to get safely through some of those little French towns. The country side was beautiful. We loved Switzerland and enjoyed Germany. In Dusseldorf we were able to make connections with Mike Madeo who was on a church mission over there. He felt so proud when he could order our dinner for us in German. We managed to get by in all the countries..most of the people over there can speak some English and understand even more. Elma had to get back to work so we went on our own to Ireland for three days. Some of Neil's relatives still live there. They were most hospitable and the Emerald Isle is just as pretty as they say it is.

When we got back, the boys flew to Alabama to pick up a car Uncle Jerry had given them. Sean was chosen on the All Star Connie Mack team and when they won the district tournament here in Winslow we worked

like crazy and made \$1,400. to send them to the Regionals in Reno. They made a good showing up there, but didn't win the tournament. We were so proud when Sean was awarded the Sportsmanship trophy at the banquet. We all got a chuckle when he said as they handed him the trophy, "Well, when you're not a very good player you have to be a good sport. Mike was one of the team's coaches.

This year all our regular things like Spook Night, Homecoming and Mom and Dad's day came at the very same time. We went to Spook Night, since it was Neil's 40th class reunion.

1969 - We called this our "plateau" year. You know - where you sort of level off. Mike was accepted for law school. Neil had serious surgery in November..cardiovascular. (Although he did recover and was able to work for many more years, we realize now that this was the start of the trouble that eventually caused his death..) Because of this surgery we passed up Spook Night, Homecoming, Mom and Dad's day and a Gibbons reunion, but did get to the Army Reunion in Denver. We also attended a testimonial for a good friend of Jerome days, Dr. Lewie McDonald. He was honored by the Alumni of NAU. While in Denver we so enjoyed seeing the Davis', Dimitroffs and the Fla Lewis'. We hadn't seen them in many years.

As I look over this year's calendar I see - weddings, receptions, showers, graduations, bake and rummage sales, church meetings, pronouncer for the grade school spelling contest, nut bread, fudge, casseroles, baseball, football and basketball games, Hospital Auxiliary and P.E.O. What a busy, wonderful life!

One of my second grade students told his mother he knew I liked to teach because

I smiled a lot when I did it. He was right; I do like to teach.

1970 - We were happy to have the doctor tell Neil that he was doing fine. So he goes on working at the Winslow Auto Supply as their very efficient bookkeeper, and he bowls well twice a week. His sister, Dorothy Nash, lost her husband right after Christmas last year, and his brother Jerry and brother-in-law Jack Beneitone both had heart attacks. They have made nice recoveries and we were glad to have Jerry come and stay a month with us.

The highlight this year came on November 27, when Sean and Gerri Herrera were married here in Winslow in a lovely ceremony in St. Joseph's Catholic Church. She comes from a fine family and we are delighted to welcome her into our family..how nice to finally have a 'daughter.'

1971 - Mike is in his last year of law school. Will work for Horizon Land Company this summer in the day time and play baseball for them several nights a week. Sean graduated from the University of Arizona with distinction. He and Gerri took off shortly thereafter for Cape Cod, where they spent the summer, working most of the time, but being tourists some of the time.

We lost two more of Neil's family this year...both so suddenly and so tragically. His sister Dorothy, in Prescott, choked on a piece of steak. This was in April. We lost his brother, Earl, in July. He was on vacation in California when he had a heart attack. The night we heard about Dorothy, Neil came home and said he had quit the Winslow Auto Supply after working for them for twenty years. He had been very happy working for Frank and Fred Krebs all these years, but when they sold out to a big firm from back east, it wasn't long until they

sent all their book work to Phoenix to be done by the computer...so Neil could stay on at a \$200 a month cut and just sorta be a flunky, so he quit.

The Gibbons side of the family got together for a reunion this year for the first time since the Golden Wedding in 1965. Though our Mom is 77 years old she gets around just fine despite arthritis in her right knee.. We had a great time.

Since I'm the Stake Speech Director of the Holbrook Stake, I had the privilege of attending June conference in Salt Lake. Neil went up with me and stayed with Norma and Dick while I was in meetings. They all joined me and we thrilled as we watched 8,000 young people in a dance festival.

In August we bought ourselves a neat little green Dodge Demon. We broke it in by going to the Indian Reservation at Sacaton and Second Mesa. Florence Odle asked me to help as a math consultant in a BIA workshop. You know me and math - and are smiling, as well you should. But I really studied and with Neil's help got a lot of visual aids ready and did enjoy doing the two days - liked the pay even better!

1972 - The highlight of this year, of course, was Mike's graduation from law school and how proud we were to be in attendance. A good friend from St. Johns, originally, was the speaker...Rex Lee.

Now we can visit our family all at the same time as Mike is living temporarially with Sean and Gerri in Phoenix.

We lost our brother-in-law, Jack Bentone in August. He leaves his wife, Helen, and a daughter, Missy. He put up such a courageous battle we all thought he was going to make it.

Attended Spook Night and Homecoming..we love seeing and visiting with old friends.

NAU had a "Know Your University" week and it was such fun to go live in a dorm and eat in the dining hall. Just like being a coed again. Am sure the students on campus didn't think we looked like that, tho'.

1973 - A grandchild is the most wonderful happening next to your own children--- our Danny arrived on July 8 to make us proud, happy grandparents. I was so happy to get to go down and be there to help out when Gerri came home from the hospital. I was a little afraid since it had been so many years since I'd taken care of a baby, but all you have to do is hold the precious one in your arms and it all comes back and you don't feel afraid..only gratitude for such a blessing.

Easter time found the four Gibbons girls, Helen, Katy, LaVelle and Norma, along with our wonderful Mom in Houston, Texas, visiting Marion and Leona. We made the trip in LaVelle's most comfortable Cadillac, taking turns doing the driving. Katy thinks she got stuck with the most and at the worst times, but she came through magnificently. (So there, Katy!) We loved the bluebonnet country and can tell you with all honesty that Marion and Leona are wonderful hosts. We took in NASA, Galveston, the Galleria, and many good shopping and eating places... and how could I forget, THE RANCH...!

In October of this year fifty of our family helped our Mom celebrate her 80th birthday. All eight of her children were there. Bob and his family were up from Peru for their every two years - two months vacation. There was lots of laughing and crying as we enjoyed a lovely buffet and program at the Concho Country Club. Mom loved every minute of it and of course we all missed our Dad....

My second graders were wild this year, but somehow, I managed to keep loving them and, I hope, teaching them something. Attended my 40th high school class reunion and started wearing bifocal contacts. Rather foolish you say, at my age. Right. But, when you combine a bad case of vanity and an optometrist brother who will give you a good price, if you'll be his guinea pig, you've got a taker. I wouldn't do it again, but am glad I stayed with it until I can wear them with considerable ease.

1974 - Seems like we usually manage to have a highlight each year, and are happy to report that the one this year was Mike's marriage to Kristie Satterlund. They had a lovely Lutheran ceremony in Phoenix. Will never forget how beautifully the pastor sang "The Lord's Prayer". Kristie's family were all able to be there from Minnesota and what fine people they are. We are so blessed to have Kristie and Gerri in our family. I'm so grateful that Neil got to know and love Kristie as we all do...

We lost Neil December 29, 1973. We were all together for Christmas; had just finished eating our dinner. Neil caught his toe on my chair as he got up from the table, fell and broke his hip. We rushed him to the hospital, but since there was nothing serious about surgery to put a pin in, the boys and their wives and Danny went on back to Phoenix. However, the autopsy showed that he had many serious physical problems, and he didn't recover from the necessary surgery. The doctor said the Lord was good to let him go so quickly and easily. But it isn't ever easy to let a loved one go. There was a terrible blizzard the day of the funeral and burial.

My mom, my family and my friends were such a help at this time. Mom came and spent a week with me in February, and went

home saying that she knew I would get along all right what with my job and the wonderful friends here in Winslow. I took her home on a Saturday, stayed and went to church with her on Sunday.. They called early Tuesday morning, February 13 and said she was gone...

We couldn't believe how she had everything in order...notes to us telling what good children we were and she hoped our children would be as good to us as we had been to her and Dad. You could feel her gratitude in every box, in every book and in everything you touched. She even had \$80.00 in cash so she could pay her way into the hospital. We laughed and cried as we went through her possessions and did what had to be done. I bought her home, but have since sold it to a nephew, Dr. Howard Lee.

Hard as those two experiences were, and so close together, they were so spiritual and I feel so grateful that we had them both as long as we did...I'm especially grateful that our sons were grown, because Neil was such a good father and husband. I never could have raised them without him.

On June 1, I went to Provo, Utah, and with my wonderful family went through the beautiful temple there to receive my endowments. Also attended the lovely wedding of my niece, Candace Gibbons to Robert Greer.

After Mike and Kristie's wedding, I took off for a perfectly planned and executed trip to Canada with my good friend, Florence Odle. Our tour group was most congenial, the scenery breathtaking...and even the weather was cooperative.

Came back and attended three weeks of summer school in Flagstaff. I lived with Florence as she is a professor at the college

there. Such good times we did have. I'm on the Board of Directors for the Alumni Association so had fun attending meetings and social events they had--celebrating their 75th anniversary.

It was hard to go to Spook Night in Jerome without Neil, but I did. Was good to visit with our many good friends down there. I love that Verde Valley, get a special feeling when I'm there. Neil is buried in the Valley View Cemetery there close to his parents and his two brothers.

Sean, Gerri and Danny live in Rock Springs, Wyoming, and I visited them at Easter time. They had written about the desolation, wind and snow there and I went with the idea that I was going to find lots of good things about the area so that I could make them feel better about it...but believe me, it was hard. Sean is making good money and he does like what he is doing. Gerri is a good sport, a helpful wife, and does a great job with our Danny, so all goes well with them. They expect to be transferred soon. He is with Frailey Construction Company as their office manager...a similar job to Neil's with the Winslow Auto Supply.

1975 - So many almost unbelievable things have happened this year that I feel like a princess in a fairy tale. When my sister LaVelle married again after losing Virgil, she said in our first family book that it was like having two complete lives.. each happy in its own way. I know now what she means. On July 10, at Bishop Whipple's lovely home, John Morris Campbell and I were married. John lost his fine wife, Dorothy, six months after I lost Neil. We have known each other for years as you do in a small town. In fact, our son, Sean had been the Campbell's paper boy for many

years while he was in high school. John is an engineer on the Santa Fe and loves his job. Of course I hear he is one of the best and I surely believe it. I quit teaching after twenty eight years and couldn't have had a better year for my last... John says he loves playing train and I surely do like keeping house, so we have a happy life and we are so grateful for all we have.

Naturally our family increased... and will go oldest first and tell you about them. Incidentally, we made the rounds and saw them all on our honeymoon... Jacki is John's daughter in Salinas, California. She and her husband, Roger Mills, have a lovely daughter, Stephanie. His Jill and her husband, Wally Nelson, have seven delightful children: John, Mark, Matthew, Eve, Debbie, Luke and Jennifer. They live in Phoenix, so we get to see them often as we do Kristie and Mike.

Another highlight this year was spending the month of June with my lifelong and best friends, Inez and Elma Udall. Elma is in the Embassy service in London, so that's where we went. I've told you before what a perfect guide and hostess she is, well, eight years hadn't changed that or our friendship at all. We did most everything there was to do in London and surrounding areas. What fun it was to attend a Udall reunion over there. My cousin, Andy Gibbons and his charming wife, Jeanne, are on an 18 month assignment by the church to the Temple in London. How thrilling it was to attend a session with them as our guides. I could write a book about the wonderful things we saw and the experiences we had, but will just condense it and say: Many good theaters, Cambridge graduation, London Tower, Parliament, Windsor Castle, Shakespeare country, Stonehenge, Old Baily, and many

lovely cathedrals. We climaxed our trip with three glorious days in Paris.

Grateful for these past ten years with all they have brought, and looking forward to the next ten with great anticipation, I am,

Helen Gibbons Sullivan Campbell



MICHAEL AND KRISTIE SULLIVAN

Way back in the early part of my schooling I remember answering one of those "What do you want to be when you grow up?" questions by replying, "A lawyer." I also remember always knowing that I would go to college and that I couldn't understand why anyone would go anywhere in Arizona but to the University at Tucson. Along with these school and career plans was a notion that I probably would not marry until I had finished all my schooling. Well, as I write this summary of the last ten years of my life, all of the above pre-college notions have become realities. What occurred between high school graduation and the realization of those plans constitutes the "individual" history of MICHAEL GIBBONS SULLIVAN.

Graduation from Winslow High School occurred the spring of 1965. Although I did receive one academic scholarship and one from the Arizona Republic, it was still necessary for me to obtain employment during the summer months. As a result of my summer job with the Arizona Highway Department, and a previous summer's visit to Oregon and my Uncle Jerry, who is a Metallurgist with the U. S. Dept. of Mines, I enrolled in the School of Engineering at the University of Arizona.

My first year in college was spent in Santa Cruz Dormitory with a Winslow boy, Eddie Hancock, as my roommate. I feel very fortunate that it worked out that way because it surely was nice to have someone to talk to at night. The change from being big man on campus in high school to just a number in college was quite an experience. The requirements of the engineering curriculum proved to be a little more than I had bargained for. So by the end of the first year, I wasn't so sure that metallurgy

would be my career. The most important thing to me my first year was making the freshman baseball team. I'll never forget the thrill I got when I put on one of those old gray traveling uniforms with Arizona on the front and the blue wildcat on the sleeve. I met a lot of really great guys playing ball that year. I still keep in touch with some of them. The season itself was a disappointment because of the lackluster way in which the program was run at such a major school in collegiate baseball.

The fall of my second year found me rooming off campus with four other guys, whom I knew very little about. This first experience at living and sharing responsibilities was really an eye opener. You really don't know a person until you have lived with them and I was truly thankful for the way I had been raised. The first part of the school year found me concentrating on playing fall ball and aiming towards making the varsity baseball team the next spring. It was also after the first semester of my second year that I made the decision to change my major and shoot for admission into the University Law School upon completion of my undergraduate degree. The beginning of the second semester brought one of the biggest let downs of my life up to that point. I had made all of the previous cuts and was anxiously awaiting the final cut one week before the season opener. The team roster was posted Saturday and I wasn't on it and I didn't have enough courage to call home until the next day. Unfortunately my name appeared in the Sunday Republic as having made the team so the phone call that I made that day was initially quite confusing and embarrassing.

So there vanished the chance to realize a boyhood dream. I could have played, not as a starter, but at least I felt I was good enough to make the team. I'm glad I had the opportunity to at least try and play. I then decided to devote the majority of my time to raising my grades as high as possible so that I might meet the entrance requirements of law school.

The third year of college found me living off campus again but this time with only two other roommates: Mike Welton, whom I had met playing freshman baseball and Jim O'Haco another Winslow boy. It was during this third year that I began my hashing job. Jim and I both hashed for one of the smaller fraternities. In other words, we set tables served food, washed dishes in return for our lunch and dinner. Again this proved to be a great learning experience and also another place where some very lasting friendships were made. This year I became the proud owner of my first car, thanks to my Uncle Jerry. As a present for my 21st birthday he gave me his 1963 Triumphs--TR-4. Since he lived in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, my brother Sean and I flew there and drove the car back. This was quite a memorable experience in many ways. Because we flew stand-by, we missed some connections and ended up spending one night in the boiler room of the Memphis airport the day after Martin Luther King, Jr. was killed. On the way back we detoured somewhat to spend a couple of days with my Uncle Marion and Aunt Leona in Houston, Texas. Needless to say, a stay with Uncle Marion is always an enjoyable and memorable event. It just so happened that our visit to Houston coincided with the opening of the major league season and Sean and I got to see our favorite team, the Pittsburgh Pirates play. I might add that Roberto Clemente of the Pirates did not let

us down; he hit a home run. The Astrodome was quite a sight, certainly something you would expect to find in Texas. During my third year in college I began working part time for Horizon Corporation, working full time in the summer. This job was the result of playing baseball for one of the city teams in Tucson and the coach worked at Horizon and got jobs for most of the players.

My final year as an undergraduate at the University of Arizona was probably one of the most enjoyable years that I have ever spent. I kept the part time job at Horizon and was also still hashing. This year I again roomed with four other people. My brother, Sean; Keith Rhodes, whom I had known in Winslow most of my life; Mickey Burke from Prescott, whom I had met during my second year at school; and Jim Lionberger ---his grandmother owned the house we were renting. The companionship of this group helped to really make this last year quite an experience. There was always something happening where we lived since it was only about three blocks from campus. We all played intramural sports together and even shared some of the same classes. At one time we all hashed together. By this time I was finishing up my undergraduate career with a major in Government and a minor in History. Late in the second semester I received notice that I had been accepted into the University of Arizona Law School for the fall semester. I stayed in Tucson that summer and continued working for Horizon Corporation.

My first year in law school was the year in which I matured the most. The rigors of a legal education, especially that initial year are probably more akin to realizing you are in an endurance test as opposed to an educational test. I lived with Sean

and Keith this year in a small house on East 8th Street in Tucson, which was just a few blocks from law school. Again we hashed and played intramural sports together. In an atmosphere which is much more competitive than undergraduate work, you form friendships a little slower. Fortunately for me I realized if your friends were smarter than you were, then your chances of survival were a little better. I found several such friends Mike Sharon and Mike Zavala, just a mention a couple. These guys still remain close friends.

The second and third years of law school seemed to go much faster because I no longer had a fear of not surviving. I simply had a strong desire to complete my education which had now extended over a period of some eighteen years. I lived with Sean and Keith the second year, too. Mike Wolfe came to live with us, also. I had met him while working for Horizon. He was a very close and valued friend. Just prior to the start of the second semester, Mike Wolfe was killed. It was a hard thing to lose such a good friend. I worked for Horizon again between the summers of my second and third years. The last year of law school I shared the old house on 8th St. with Mike Sharon. Again, the close friendship between Mike and I made that last year a great experience. The last three months of that second semester and the summer months Mike and I spent studying for the bar exam. Mark Worley moved in with us. I had known Mark from freshman baseball and throughout undergraduate school but he had enlisted in the army in the meantime. The interplay between Mark and Mike's personalities and my own really made these few months memorable ones. The one-on-one basketball games that Mark and I played almost daily, really helped in easing

the tension which existed before, during and after the bar exam. I took this exam in July of 1972 and was finally admitted to the practice of law in November of the same year. I actually started work for the Maricopa County Public Defenders Office in September of 1972.

Getting the job in Phoenix obviously necessitated a move from Tucson which had been my home for the previous seven years. Initially I lived with my brother Sean and his wife Gerri, an arrangement which was very convenient for me and I'm sure rather inconvenient for them, but that is really the kind of great people they are. Their door is truly always open and everyone is always welcome. After a brief stay with them, I ventured out to try the unique experience of living alone. I lived in a Canlen House apartment complex on West Bethany for a short period of time but eventually gave that up and moved to an apartment on North 40th St., which I shared with Tim DeWan. I had known him from my undergraduate days at the University because he was on the football team at that time. We became acquainted through a fraternity brother of Tim's with whom I had worked. Let me just state it this way, living with Tim DeWan is unlike anything I had ever personally before. This friendship proved to be very rewarding for me because Tim was the one who got my wife Kristie and I together. Kristie started to work for the company that Tim was working for and he informed me one evening that there was a new girl at work that I just had to meet. Tim had already told Kristie that she should go out with his roommate and he had gotten her phone number for me. After a few unsuccessful attempts to set up a first date, I had almost decided not to call again, but Tim convinced me that I should at least see this girl just once. So the first date was

finally made and Tim even let me use his big new car to impress Kristie. Well, fortunately Kristie seemed to like me despite the fact that when we arrived at our destination the place was closed, a fact I would have known had I ever been there before, but I was trying to be cool and go some place I thought would impress her. Well, from that first date there never was too much question, but it seems Tim knew before Kristie and I. He told my folks right from the beginning that he had found the girl for me and he surely was right!

Tim and I had purchased a house shortly after I met Kristie and had planned to keep it for a while. However, Tim also found the right girl so we had to sell the house and I moved into an apartment with the idea that Kristie would soon be sharing it with me. Kristie and I debated over whether to tell our parents at Christmastime our intention to marry or to wait until January and tell my parents on their wedding anniversary. Fortunately we decided on telling them at Christmas. I wanted to tell them at just the right time. Well, one morning just before Christmas, Sean and Gerri, my folks and Kristie and I were all in the kitchen when the right time came. My mother was asking Kristie how she spelled her last name which at that time was Satterlund. I then told her, "Mother, you won't have to worry about how she spells it much longer, because pretty soon her last name will be the same as yours." I will always be thankful that we told them then because if we had waited I wouldn't have had the opportunity to tell my father, because we lost him on December 29 of that year, although I'm sure he would have known anyway, he had that type of perception. I loved him very much and I miss him more than I ever realized I would. He

and my mother gave me such a good foundation to build on.

Kristie and I became husband and wife on June 15, 1974 in Phoenix, Arizona. All of her family were able to attend the wedding. Her parents, two brothers, her sister and grandmother came from Minneapolis (actually Edina) Minnesota and her other brother from Ft. Carson, Colorado. We spent our honeymoon in Las Vegas, Disneyland and visited Tim and Madelyn DeWan in San Diego. We lived in our apartment on East Bethany until November of 1974 when we moved into Sean and Gerri's house when they moved to Wyoming. Their home was 322 West Vernon. I am still employed at the Public Defender's Office where I have been handling misdemeanors and more recently felony criminal trial work. I will move into the appeals section in October, 1975. My first year of marriage has just been great and has served to reinforce my knowledge that Kristie is indeed the right girl for me. During this first year I was able to travel to Minnesota to see where Kristie was born and raised and to get to know her family better. I spent several days fishing and camping on an island in Canada with my father-in-law, Roger and my youngest brother-in-law, Jimmy. I was also lucky in that Kristie has a fine family and I enjoy them all very much.

So things have worked out for the best as I always knew they would, I did go to college and I did become an attorney and I did find the right girl, and thus ends the "individual" history of MICHAEL GIBBONS SULLIVAN and begins the history of MICHAEL GIBBONS AND KRISTIE L. SULLIVAN,



SEAN, GERRI AND DANNY SULLIVAN

The history of SEAN SULLIVAN, youngest son of Neil and Helen Gibbons Sullivan, is a history of families, and as such can be split into two periods. The first involves the physical separation from traditional home and family in search of the beginnings of my own family, while the second completes the circle begun by the first; that is, in forming my own family I drew on my experiences in that traditional family, a family full of love and happiness.

The dividing point in these two periods of my life was my marriage on November 27, 1970, to Gerri Herrera in our hometown of Winslow, Arizona. The celebration exemplified one of life's hardest lessons. Gerri and I were so excited at seeing many of our families and friends that we didn't want to leave. But just as we had to break the bonds of our first families in order to form our own family, we now had to move on. The relationships we have with these groups of people to us is the essence of life. Our families are not only family, but also good friends. And our friends are part of our families.

Spring of 1966 finds me a student-athlete and aspiring politician. As I'm sure it seems to all politicians, I felt it was essential even to our country that I be elected student body president of Winslow High School. When I lost the election to an old friend, Bert Peterson, I was more relieved than deflated and learned a valuable lesson in humility. Most fortunate of all was the deeper friendship Gerri and I developed with Bert and his future wife, Judie Harris.

Gerri graduated from high school that year and began a course in dental technology in Sacramento. My senior year was fulfilling, academically, but quite disheartening

athletically. We suffered through horrible seasons in football, basketball, and baseball. The lone bright spot being a single football victory in which we trounced my Uncle Max's Holbrook Roadrunners.

In the fall of 1967 Gerri enrolled in Northern Arizona University and I matriculated at the University of Arizona. The dormitory I lived in was to provide some great times, lessons, and most of all, friends. I roomed with a friend from Winslow named David Riley and was fortunate to develop lasting friendships with several of the "Easterners" lodged in the dorm. These included Eric Hampel, Brad Sedito, Bob Feinman, and Bill Bowling, the latter who was to be the best man at our wedding. In spite of these friends, I would never have been able to make the transition from small town BMOC to a number had it not been for the advice and counsel of my older brother Mike.

Gerri decided to forsake her education in order to accept a lucrative position with the Santa Fe railroad in Winslow. It was this year in Winslow which changed the direction of our relationship, as the depth of our affection became mutual. I had chase Gerri since she begrudgingly accepted my first invitation for a date. But the boredom of life in Winslow and the glitter of the college life in Tucson began a transition which culminated in our marriage.

My second year at Tucson was the "college life" personified. I shared a house with Mike, Keith Rhodes, Mickey Burke, and Jim Lionberger. We hashed together in order to earn our meals and played intramural sports as a team. However, it was our improvised games and practical jokes a la Grandpa Gibbons that provided the most fun. Most practical jokes require a goat and that was one election I seemed to win almost every time. We all still laugh at the time Mickey

was able to steal the nose right off my face. The real highlights of these days were the visits by our parents. I was always proud when mine came. Everyone was awed by my father's quiet and vast wisdom and knowledge and my mother's radiant beauty and zest for life. These visits usually encompassed a trip to Pinnacle Peak Steak House, a treat for college men. I can't help remembering the time my dad offered to buy us another one if we weren't full yet. Mike Welton and I took him up on it and I don't know when I've had such a stomach ache.

Gerri moved to Phoenix the next year so that we wouldn't have so far to travel to see one another. She went to work for Merrill Lynch but failed to learn the magic secret for success in the stock market, although she was very good at her job. Mike, Keith, and I shared a house near campus as Mike began law school. Keith played on the U of A baseball team which made a trip to the College World Series in Omaha, Nebraska.

After Gerri and I were married we took residence in a Tucson apartment for the duration of my last year of college. We shared a duplex with Mark and Barbara Anderson while surviving on Gerri's meager salary. It was a very enjoyable year which concluded with my earning a degree in Sociology in May.

We were invited to spend that summer on Cape Cod by our best man's parents - Cecil and Laura Bowling. They had purchased a boarding house in Chatam and offered us a room in exchange for helping them fix up the house. They also got me a job as a taxi driver, a job I enjoyed as much as any I have ever had. It was truly a classroom in human behavior. Having previously spent two weeks with the Bowlings in New York, I knew how warm their hospitality could be and Gerri and I relish the memories of our Summer of '71.

I was the best man at Billy's marriage to Liz Schnell in August and soon after we returned to Phoenix, nearly penniless.

We started hitting the pavement almost as soon as we deplaned. Gerri was the first to secure employment. She was hired by Greyhound Computer Corporation after seeking an interview on a tip from Keith's mother, Kay. Kay is the most courageous person we know. She has stared deep into the jaws of death while suffering unending physical pain in a bout with cancer. Her faith and love of life pulled her through. We have received many helpful "tips" about life from Kay, both through speech and example. We can never express our gratitude for her being able to continue living.

I finally decided to stop telling everyone I interviewed with that I had a degree, as it only seemed to put me in the overly qualified class. My problem was finally solved by the people who had housed and fed us when we first arrived in Phoenix. Gerri's brother Al and his wife Shauna, I became a co-worker of Shauna's at Alta Industries, where for six months I delivered everything from records to panty hose for \$2.10/hr. This discouraging vocation ceased when I was called to work for Keith's Uncle Lou at Teco Ready Mix. This began an association with construction which will always stay in my blood.

I worked in the field for about nine months before being transferred to the home office in Tempe. My knowledge of construction was enhanced by an introduction to computerized accounting. The systems we used were developed by the Financial Vice President, Bob Hibbard, the man for whom I am currently employed at National Audit Systems.

Gerri and I were blessed with our only child to date on July 8, 1973. She had to

have a C-section and was forced to spend six miserable days in the hospital. After being known as "Baby Boy" Sullivan, we were able to take our child home only after we named him. Danny has enriched our lives to an extent I can only hope to demonstrate by describing a card we received on his birth.

The card was from a fellow employee at Teco and his wife. Clyde and Roberta Gastineau are the kind of people who love big families and yet realize the strain overpopulation has put on our resources. They have found a solution by adopting foster children at a rate of seven or eight at a time, in addition to their own child. The card was handmade by Roberta and said, We heard God sent you a baby" and on the inside, "He must love you very much."

The beginning and ending of life are two events shared by all and understood by none. We have learned to accept the passing of loved ones and with Danny, the coming of new loved ones. Gerri's natural mother passed away when she and her twin sister were only one. We lost Daisy, the mother who raised her on April 29, 1972. It was a passing which followed several months of suffering in which we almost lost Gerri's father to a heart attack. Daisy's passing demonstrated the ambivalence of death. Although we were all relieved to see an end of her suffering, our suffering was epitomized by Milton's lanquishing with a broken heart. This was cured by his marriage to Dora Solis.

Throughout this ordeal we drew on my father for strength and advice. His medical knowledge and faith provided us with the direction we needed to see us through. I tried to express my gratitude and love to him in a tribute to Grandma Gibbons at the celebration of her eightieth birthday. She understood, accepted, and respected my day in her humble manner. It was appropriate that I thank both of them at the same time, for we lost both a short while later.

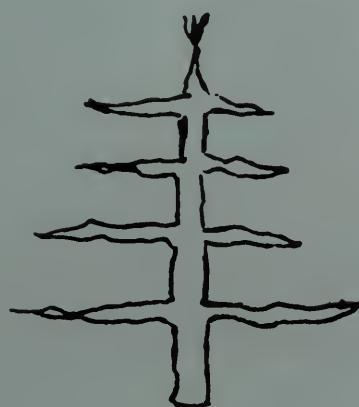
In November of 1974 we moved from Phoenix to Rock Springs, Wyoming. The less said about Rock Springs the more adequately it is described. I was employed as a field clerk for R. L. Frailey, Inc., who were engaged in the building of a natural gas processing plant. We lived in a trailer court with most of the other hands. The hours were long as we worked seven days a week for about six months. Construction, as I mentioned before, gets in your blood. There is a very satisfying feeling in being able to see the fruit of your labors take shape before your eyes. But the true beauty of construction is the people.

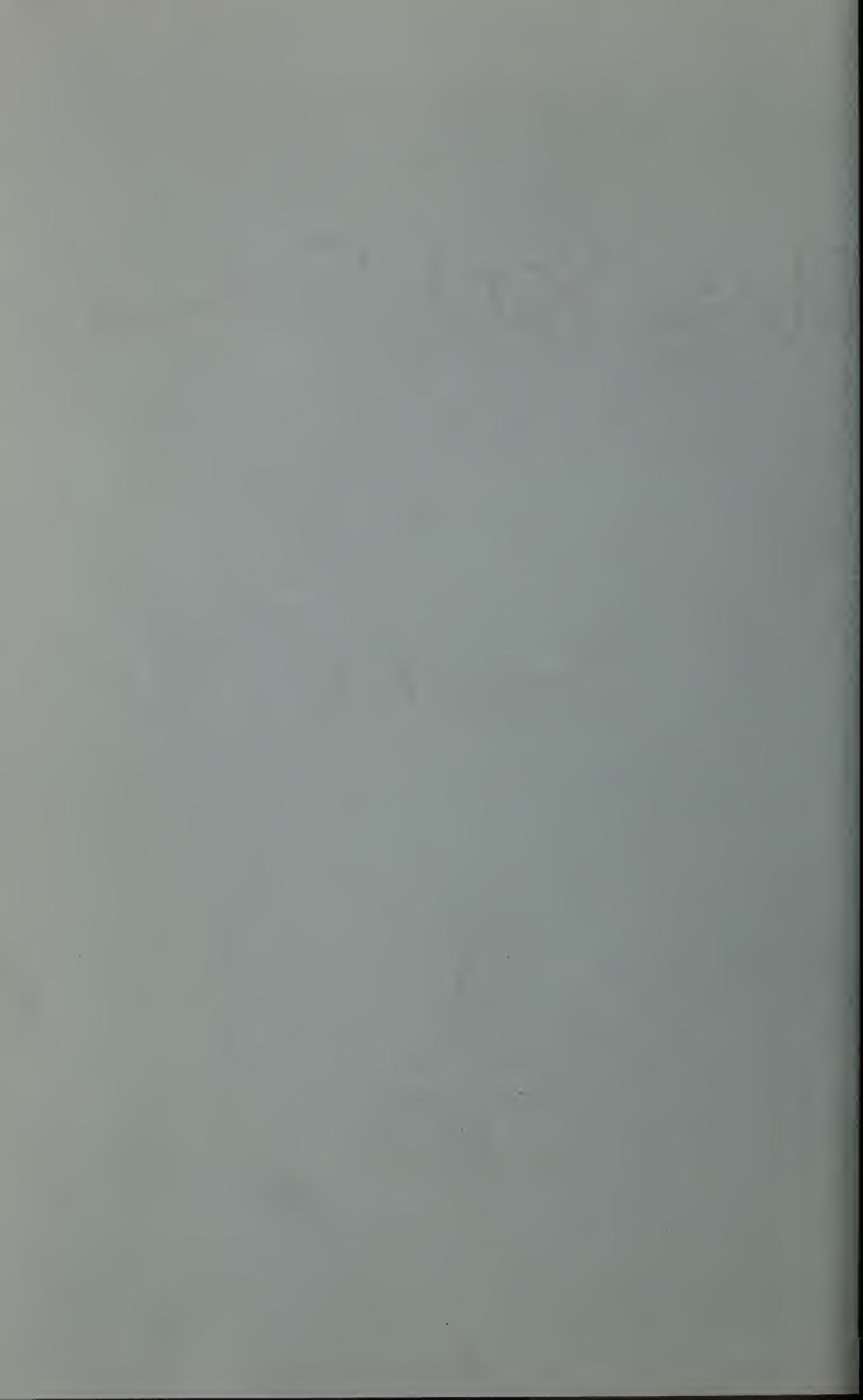
Not only did we work together, we also lived together. Fred and Steve Moore, both with wives named Sheila, Kenneth and Cindy Savage, Mike and Murlene Jackson, Pete and Kathy Hurley, Garry and Barbara Wilson, and Roger Rice. These were the people who formed our family in Rock Springs. We skied together, danced together, played cards together, and grew together. We all came from different backgrounds and as a result were able to help each other widen our horizons. Also, there was Barbara Gillio, a woman who taught me the value of a friendship gained by giving someone an open ear and a helpful hand. It has never been harder for me to tell a group of people goodbye than it was when we left Rock Springs to return to Phoenix.

One thought stands out in the last ten years and it is that people make life much more than existence, and that Gerri and I are eternally grateful for the people who have so enriched our lives.

Marion Hatch Gibbons

Branch 2







MARION, LEONA, JOHN
& MARIANNE GIBBONS



JANICE ANNE GIBBONS

GRANDDAUGHTER NO. 1



DEVAN GIBBONS

Born: January 26, 1971
Picture taken December, 1975

In 1976, I write of a ten-year period ending in 1975, and now regret not having faithfully kept a journal.

Well, I tell you that for the last 10 years, there were many events involving "The Young in Heart", including the time my brother presented me with a wig - for a price. I recall mostly those occasions where there was plenty of laughter, love, comraderie, and the Gospel. I recall memories of excitement, depression, bountiful harvest, crop failures, new ones being born and loved ones passing on, etc., but most important I remember coming to the conclusion that there is and always will be the family of Marion Vincent and Mary Hatch Gibbons serving the Lord.

During the ten year period, my family and moved from Pasadena, Texas, to 5534 Beechnut, Houston, Texas. I believe we moved during the night time for two reasons First of all, the furniture was a little on the shabby side. The second reason, all my neighbors would have requested my returning all the lawn mowers, tools, shovels, etc., I had borrowed. Our house on Beechnut Street is just across the street from the Maplewood Ward Chapel. I have told several people that the church wanted those who were weak in the testimony to live close to the church and that is why our house is so close to the chapel. Actually, the real reason is because it is just the nicest place in the world. It is a castle with a moat in the back and I have always felt like a king.

My family is comprised of the same six - Marion, Leona, Janice Anne, Alan Keene John Hatch and Marianne. Jan graduated from Bellaire High School, then went to Eastern Arizona College, Thatcher, Arizona, and then graduated from Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. She is now (1976) working

in Salt Lake City, Utah, with the Girl Scouts of America. Jan is a girl with much beauty, including a beautiful soprano voice and her Dad and Mom are very proud of her.

Alan Keene Gibbons graduated from Bellaire High School, and has attended the Church College of Hawaii, San Jacinto Jr. College, Pasadena, Texas; Mesa Community College, Mesa, Arizona; Yavapai College, Prescott, Arizona, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona; and Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona. He has always loved the outdoors, had a special love for Arizona, and is now working for the U. S. Forest Service. Alan and his wife, Jean, live in Prescott. His daughter, by a prior marriage, (and our granddaughter) is Devan LeAnne Gibbons. I want the record to show that they don't make granddaughters any sweeter or prettier than our granddaughter! Alan is a leader and always will hold positions of authority and importance. His wife, Jean, is a lovely person with a lot of goodness.

John Hatch Gibbons, a real native Houstonian, also graduated from Bellaire High School. John has always been interested in cars, trucks, motors, boats, etc. - anything mechanical. He took various courses in mechanics in high school and then attended Ricks Junior College, Rexburg, Idaho. John is presently (1976) living at home working at Walker Automotive, with his right leg in a cast. (He broke it playing football...on Sunday). John also has a love for Arizona and the West and has dreams of owning land there and/or opening an automotive shop somewhere out West someday. Like all dreams, John's can change without notice.

Marianne Gibbons is a lovely 14-year-old girl who was born and raised in Houston, Texas. She is well aware of boys and attends

Jane Long Junior High where she meets boys who call and tie up our home phone - along with the boys from church. Marianne loves her cats and dogs, her pa and mom, her Father in Heaven and the Gospel - brothers and sister and friends. This little punkin head was hit by a car and her leg was broken. She was taken to the hospital and it became necessary to cut off her play clothes to take X-rays. The doctor requested my permission to cut the clothing, in order that the leg be X-rayed. Marianne called me and, as I bent over her, she whispered in my ear, "Daddy, don't let them cut off my leg." Her Grandfather Keene had recently had to have a leg amputated because of diabetes, and this was fresh in her mind. She mistakenly thought the doctor had asked permission to cut off her leg. Her Dad would prevent any harm of any kind from befalling her!

Well, now, a ten year span is a lot of time. Mom and Dad Gibbons have died and are buried at St. Johns, Arizona, with all the "Young in Hearts" present for the funerals. If Dad could report to us right now, he would repeat his many spiritual experiences since departing this life and with a twinkle in his eyes, he would add that he is now "hunting bear with Swain." Mom would report to us on many things of a spiritual nature and add that she loves her children - especially the oldest boy. A lovely couple that I feel the Lord checks up on each morning to see if Dad has enough cream for his mush, and if Mom has enough to worry about that day.

Our "mostest" fun time was going home to St. Johns for the M. V. and Mary H. Gibbons family reunion. Yes sir - it was better than going to the ranch by far. There should always be an M. V. and Mary Gibbons family reunion and should I die a rich man, I shall set up a trust fund to

ALAN AND JEAN



GIBBONS



provide for all the expenses for a family reunion ever so often. This trust should also provide a prize for the fastest sled on the blue hills slopes - a sled to bear the worthy name of "Snotilaus", so fast it scares the snot out of you.

You know, I am ten years older since I last chronicled the events in the life of my family and I am wondering now just what nice things I will be able to write come 10 years from today. That which I am sure that I will write about 10 years from now is the goodness of my dear family, my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters and all of the "Young in Heart" family.

It may be that I may not write again. I will write now, then to the generation to come. To you my beloved children's children and children of my brothers and sisters who may read this 200 years from this date... I love you - the Gospel is true - Keep the Commandments.

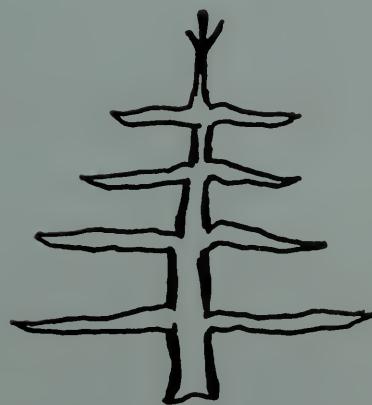
I graduated from Bellaire High School in 1969 in Bellaire, Texas. The same year I enrolled in the Church College of Hawaii in Laie, Oahu, Hawaii.

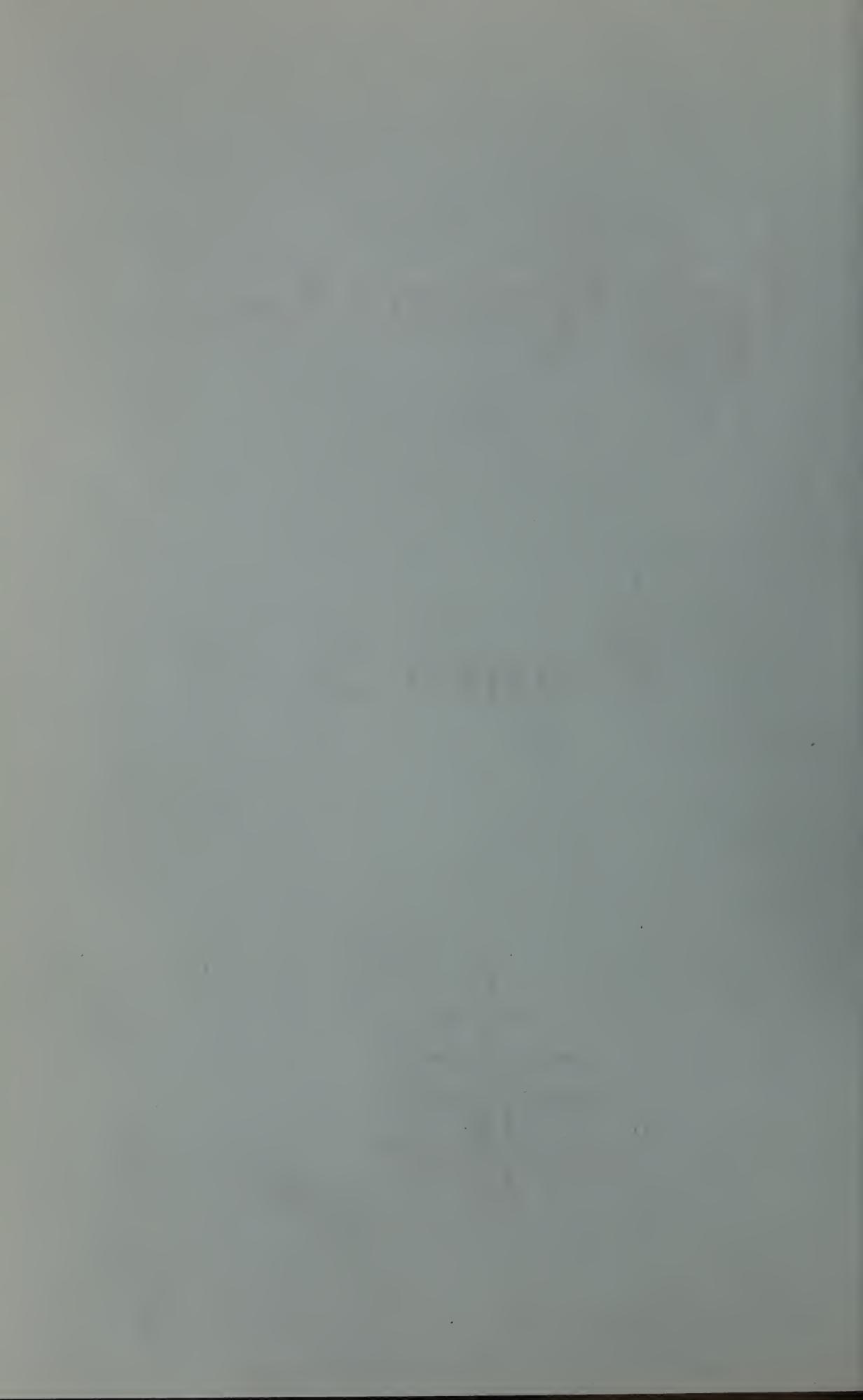
I moved to Arizona in 1972 and have since attended Northern Arizona University and Arizona State University studying Agriculture and Forestry. On November 29, 1975, I married Marilyn Jean Walters in Prescott, Arizona. We recently purchased some land in the pines near Prescott and are currently building a house on it. I am working for the U. S. Forest Service in the field of fire control in the Prescott National Forest.



Katy Gibbons Lee

Branch 3







**THE ARLO AND KATY GIBBONS LEE
FAMILY**

To get into the mood for writing this small history, I re-read "Young at Heart" and ended up in nostalgic tears. It is a super little history and I would like to enter into the book the fact that sister Helen is solely responsible that such a record exists. Thanks, Helen.

Everyone of us will agree that the last years since the book was written have been the most momentous of our lifetime---not the happiest, but certainly the most momentous. Since that wonderful June 11, 1965, we lost both our parents and life is not the same. Isn't it too bad those happy times couldn't last forever, but isn't it glorious that we'll take up those broken threads again in another time, another place.

In the meantime life goes on back at the Lee holdings. Twelve years later all our children have chosen well their companions and have gone out on their own like twin families of three little pigs to seek their fortunes. We are confident that they will let the sticks and straws pass and build only with bricks.

Our two girls and three of the boys have blessed us with a total of 24 grandchildren and John hasn't even gone into production yet. The good book says that blessed is the man whose quiver is full and we are full and quivering. Also very grateful for every blessed spirit the Lord has sent us.

Vinson, our eldest, was first to break the family circle by marrying Linda Phillips in the St. George temple. On the same day and in the same place our third son, Larry, received his endowments preparatory to serving a mission in the New England states. At that time our second son, Howard, was proselyting in the British Isles. It seemed like we had them coming and going on missions for

several years and what a rewarding time that was. In spite of the separations, the times we had missionaries in the field were some of our best times. All of our sons and sons-in-laws have served missions and as a result we as a family could be understood in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Fijian, Maori and Sanskrit. All our families are very active in the Church, for which we are again humbly grateful. We love our children, their spouses and grandchildren. Our cup truly runneth o'er.

As for Arlo and me, we are aging comfortably: Sound of wind and limb, round of face and belly, shy of hair and teeth, slow of foot and hand, bent of back and knuckle but alive and well, thank you. It's been a tough decade but we made it. Arlo lost an election (which almost killed me but didn't faze him), and we bought and still run a mail contract between Show Low and St. Johns; we lost all our children to matrimony; I went to work as a high school teacher's aid; Arlo became Apache County's Planner and Zoner, and we both became gray and fat. Best of all privileges, Arlo served as Bishop for six years, St. Johns 2nd Ward.

Now, everyone but our own children quit reading and go on to the next branch of the family else you will blush for my brazen bragging that I am going to do for the benefit of our own. I want them to know a few things about their father, Arlo, that they might not have known. He has accomplished a lot without taking into account that his father died when he was 8 years old, leaving his mother with 9 little children and little else. What he has done has been through his own effort and driving industry. Most of his life he has been up and working by 5:30 A.M. and many years put in 16, 18 hours a day. He never could afford the privilege of going on a mission or even on to school

after high school. As County Supervisor for 16 years he was instrumental in accomplishing much that will stand long after he has gone. For example, the latest addition to the courthouse; the buying of the land and the later construction of the Community Building on which it stands. A donor had given \$40 thousand for a building but Arlo was foresighted enough to see that we needed a bigger and better building than that would buy so he held out and worked for matching funds from the government. Church-wise, when he was made Bishop of the St. Johns Second Ward the remodeling of the Stake Center was in pretty much of a mess. He went in and finished up the job, keeping an eye on expenses. He also was the guiding hand in the improvement of the grounds around the church. I believe that he has always conducted public business as though it were his own. One time after he was elected Supervisor, a man approached him and asked for his signature on a state-wide petition asking for a pay increase for County Supervisors. He told the man, "I'm hardly worth what I'm earning now, and neither are you"- and wouldn't sign it. He nearly always has one of the prettiest gardens in town and represents lots of hard labor. He is so good to his wife. He babies her by doing so many nice, unexpected things. He is a good man and I love him.

NOTE: This brief history I am including in case our children do not get in their own before the deadline. I couldn't stand to not have them mentioned in our book.

Our two oldest sons chose to become dentists. Arlo Vinson practices in Phoenix and Howard Neil practices here in St. Johns much to our delight because: 1. We don't have to go out of town to get free dental work done; 2. We get to practice being good

in-laws to his wife, Jackie: 3. We get to watch a portion of our grandchildren grow up; 4. They live in the old home and are making it look like Mom always wanted it to look. Larry Van chose to be a teacher like his Grandfather Gibbons and we believe him to be a good one. He lives in Bloomfield, New Mexico, with his wife Annette and five sweet little girls. Cheryl Ann brought another John (Smith) into the family and they live in Sunnyvale, California with their two boys and three girls. I keep trying to scare them into moving closer by predicting they're going to get caught in an earthquake and be swept into the sea - but no dice. John Smith does very well with his own business as he is a C.P.A. In fact the last time I warned them, within the week Arizona had two tremors of their own. Mary Frances, our fifth, lives in the bosom of Zion (Granger, Utah) with her husband, Richard (Dick) Brower who is a junior executive in a merchandising chain, and their three boys and a girl. Fran and Linda furnished us our last two babies, both boys and both weighing over 10 lbs. Ronald John just took unto himself a bride (Daryl Smith) in mid-semester in mid-March which he declares in retrospect he'll never do again. He was so distracted by Daryl and the approaching wedding his grades suffered and "That ain't good" for a pre-law student. He is attending ASU, working 2 or 3 jobs and trying to be a good, new husband.

The most traumatic events in my own life were first, the loss of Dad and then most recently, Mom. In my own mind I realize now that I had always thought of them as a unit, a whole. When Dad went it seemed to me we only lost one-third because they were so much a unit that some of Dad stayed with us through Mom. But when Mom went, the roof caved in on me. LaVelle, Jack and I

saw Mom through the transition and I know at that time we all three rehearsed the details to you. I have never written down my remembrance of that time, so, for the record and without trying to make my contribution to this book a sad one, I would just like it written down for those who follow us.

On Monday, February 11, 1974, Mom and I drove the mail from St. Johns to Show Low. Mom loved the ride over and back so whenever I took the mail, I took Mom. She made it such a pleasant chore. We always had such good visits on the way and quite often stopped at a drive-in before leaving Show-Low and had a supper of hamburgers and a drink. How she did enjoy those times! I imagine because then she wouldn't have to face fixing and eating a solitary meal. This particular evening she told me on the way over that she had gone to the bank in the morning and that as she left through the side entrance, she had such a terrible pain in her lungs she had to sit down on the steps until it passed. We talked about it, but she didn't seem to think much of it, and neither did I.

When we got back home, she laboriously climbed down from the van and begged me to come in and sleep there, but I in turn begged her to come home with me and sleep at my place since Arlo was out of town. This was sort of a ritual with us and we both knew the outcome. Both of us preferred to spend nights in our beds. We laughed and said goodnight.

In a short two hours, Jack, Della, LaVelle and I were down at Mom's trying to convince her that she needed to go to the hospital as she was in pain. None of us could convince her, not by begging, bullying, pleading. I think that she didn't want to go there because Daddy had died along there and it always bothered her. As the attack

eased she begged us to go home and she'd be all right. Velle and I stayed with her. I slept in the bed with her and soon she was breathing evenly and quietly, so I went sound asleep. About 1:30 she woke me and said she had been having these pains all night but the last one was so hard she couldn't bear another. Finally she was willing to go to the hospital. It has since hurt me to think of that little woman lying there suffering alone while I snored away. Anyway we called Jack, dressed and were on our way in just minutes. Jack had the presence of mind to alert the doctor before we started out to meet us there. As it turned out he might as well have stayed in bed for all the good he did Mom. She had at least one more attack in the car on the way to the hospital. After we arrived we had to stand outside for some time before we could get into the hospital door. Mom was wheeled to the emergency room in a wheelchair, protesting all the way.

Somehow I knew at 10:00 o'clock that Mom was in real trouble and by the time they wheeled her into the emergency room I knew she wasn't going to make it. It was curious to me then and still is - that knowing that, I had dual feelings. I was filled with horror and yet had a sense of excitement for Mom. Such courage and selflessness Mom showed. As the nurses were readying her for an examination, she was telling us to go on home; she felt fine and was in good hands. Almost in the next breath she was in terrific pain. I asked her if she hurt and her last words were, "A little." Then she was gone. I don't believe she ever breathed again. Dear Jack worked frantically over her, doing everything he could think of but she was gone - gone. I wanted to scream and fight back but - against whom or what?

It was a sad, silent trio who rode back to St. Johns without our dear Mom. We were stunned and in a degree of blessed

shock. I came home to an empty house as Arlo was in Phoenix. I was in a daze as I got into bed. I began to cry and pray. Out of my confused thoughts came a message so clear in Mom's way of speaking. The essence was, "There is nothing to dying" and the impression she was surprised that this was so. Also her concern with the future of her family came through distinctly: "Things don't matter; only the family matters." Then I knew Mom was where she needed to be when she needed to be there and that she was content. Knowing that gives a measure of peace and yet never a day goes past that I don't miss her. I don't expect it will ever be any different but I, too, am content and at peace about Mom and Dad. How privileged we are to belong to them. The dearest wish of my heart is that their memory will remain bright and that none of us will ever bring shame on them.



CHILDREN OF VINSON
& LINDA LEE



LLYSON, MARK, SCOTT, BRAD
& KRISTINA LEE



BRENT LEE

ARLO VINSON LEE FAMILY

As we reflect on the past ten years, we realize how good our Heavenly Father has been to us. We've received so many blessings.

First on the list are our children. The decade started with the birth of Allyson on January 4, 1966. She is now in the 5th grade and is a top student in her class. She is becoming a good pianist; and one of her best qualities is that she's a very spiritual person.

It was the first day of dental school and we were at the hospital bringing another baby into the world. Vince said the baby had to arrive by 1:00 P.M. because the cadavers were being assigned in the first anatomy lab of the year. Well, the baby did as he was told; and Mark Vinson arrived at 10:30 a.m., September 14, 1967, in plenty of time for daddy to get to school. Mark is now in the 4th grade and does very well in school. He was chosen as the outstanding All-Star baseball player in the league this summer. He has the ability to succeed in most anything that he undertakes.

Our third baby, Scott Alan, was taken home in a blizzard after being born on October 14, 1970. But the blizzard is no indication of his personality. He's usually very easy to get along with; and a good quality of his is that he loves "church things. He's in the 1st grade now and is a very attentive student.

Brad Phillip came to us on April 23, 1972, when we really did want a girl. We can still remember what the doctor first said, "You should be glad he isn't a girl..look at the size of those feet hands!" And they were enormous for a baby. Brad is our dark-eyed, dark-haired boy,

who prays every night that he'll grow up to be a missionary; and how we love him!

Christmas Eve, 1973, brought us the best Christmas gift we've ever received. Kristina was born that evening, and what a joy it's been to have her. She's a little blond, brown-eyed girl who is very motherly and helps take care of the baby and all the dolls.

On May 3rd of this year (1976), our little "giant" arrived..Brent Russell weighed in at 10 lbs. 11 oz. and 24 in. long. Our kids were thrilled that he was taller at birth than Kareem Abdul Jabar; and they have great plans for him..either as a pro football or basketball player or gold medal weight lifter in the 1996 Olympics. Anyway, we do love and enjoy this sweet baby.

Vince graduated from BYU in May, 1967, where we were dorm parents to 60 girls during our last year in Provo. We left Utah in June to make our home in Cleveland, Ohio, where Vince would be attending dental school at Case Western Reserve University. It was during these four years that we feel we had some special experiences. Living that far away from parents and family helped to cement our marriage because we had no one to rely on besides each other. Being a member of the Church in the mission field is a blessing also because there seems to be a special spirit in the meetings there that you don't feel where members are more plentiful. We also enjoyed a bond of friendship that develops between Mormon dental students and wives when there are so many non-Mormons at school. We still keep in touch with some of these friends and are thrilled whenever we get to see them.

Vince worked long hard hours each week (40 hours at school, and 40 hours at work) to get through school; and there were many times when food and everything was

pretty scarce. But he graduated in May, 1971, which, we feel, proves that one can succeed in anything he wants badly enough.

Vince passed the Arizona Board and associated with another dentist for a year; until he and Howard moved into their own brand new office four years ago.

During the twelve years we've been married we've lived in ten homes; but are now living where we plan to stay. We have lived in the home that we bought from Howard and Jackie for a year now; and it seems that the house was built just special for us because the floor plan was one we had already chosen before we even knew that they were building.

We have had many opportunities for growth in the church through callings. Vince is now in the bishopric and has been a stake missionary, Sunday School teacher, and assistant in the Sunday School Presidency. Linda is Relief Society mother education leader and has been MIA president, Laurel teacher, counselor in the primary presidency and a primary teacher.

An important part of our lives will always be athletics. Vince has been on several basketball and softball teams during these years and now coaches Mark's baseball team. Allyson was also on a softball team a year ago; and even the small children bat the ball better than their mother.

All in all, we are very blessed; and one of our most choice blessings is in being a part of this great Gibbons family.



Front row: Jackie holding Rebecca, Deborah,
Howard holding Stephen
Back row: Michael



Rebecca - 1977



Mary Ann - 1977

THE HOWARD LEE FAMILY

HOWARD N. LEE and JACQUELINE ETHINGTON met at Arizona State University in Tempe, Arizona in the fall of 1966. The following Easter we became engaged and were married December 22, 1967.

But back to September before the marriage. Howard went to Northwestern University Dental School in Chicago, Illinois. Jackie stayed home to graduate and plan the wedding. Those three months were mighty long. After the wedding, we spent a week of our honeymoon with Howard's parents, Arlo and Katy Lee in St. Johns, Arizona. When we arrived in Chicago, Jackie (that's me) was, to say the least, shocked at the ancient building where we were to live. It was like the old brownstone row houses you see in the movies. Before I got a job and a first pay check, we had only five dollars and each other. We had lots of fun and some trying times in Chicago...Howard went to school and worked part time and I taught home economics in high school. Of course, Howard played basketball and soft ball every year for the North Shore ward and we went to St. Louis twice a year for the regional play offs. Once we even went to the all church playoffs in Salt Lake City, Utah...

During our last year in school, Michael Howard Lee was born to us. This was October 29, 1969. When Howard would get home from work at eleven P.M., he would have to wake the baby up so he could play with him.

After graduation we came to Arizona and set up practice in West Phoenix. Howard practice built quickly and he was quite successful. Vinson, his older brother, came in with Howard a year after we graduated and they built an office together. The Great Lees were together at church, too, and their fame was spread far and wide on the basketball court as well as in the dental office.

Deborah Lynn Lee was born November 30, 1971. She is a sweet little girl blessed with a set of lungs that will stand her in good stead as a mother. (This is Aunt Helen since I had to type the original and I have to say that these lungs seem to be a Gibbons inheritance. Sorry about that.)

Stephen Jared Lee was born July 16, 1973, and is a sweet little giant. The doctor promises that he will be at least 6 ft. 4 in. when he is grown, and maybe even taller.

In 1974 we built a beautiful home in Phoenix, but after living there a month, we decided to move to St. Johns, Arizona. Six weeks before we left, our dainty and sweet Jenny Rebecca Lee was born to us, July 13, 1975.

We are now in St. Johns with our four little ones, and we just love it. We live in Grandma Gibbons' home and find it very homey indeed. (Aunt Helen again..I sold Mom's house to Howard and Jackie and am so glad they are in it. They are doing so many things that needed to be done. It is homey and we all like going there, too.)

We are happy and well here in St. Johns....our home.

THE HOWARD NEIL LEE FAMILY



LARRY AND ANNETTE LEE
Sherri, Stefanie, Michelle,
Tamara & Angie

When Grandma and Grandpa Gibbons and their family celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, I, Larry V. Lee, was serving in the New England States Mission Field. I was still there when Grandpa Gibbons passed away. I returned from my mission on February 24, 1967, and immediately enrolled at B.Y.U.

Upon my return, I continued my pursuit of one Annette Welch, also a B.Y.U. student from Cowley, Wyoming. We became engaged May 22, 1967, following a spirited courtship and were married January 25, 1968, in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah. It was a special day. Not only were we married that day, but my father, Arlo B. Lee, was ordained a Bishop by Alma R. Sonne.

We continued our education with Annette graduating in August of 1968, and I graduated in August of 1970. During our married life at B.Y.U., we had two children born to us: Sherri Lynn Lee born November 4, 1968, and Angela Lee born April 27, 1970, both born in Provo, Utah.

Upon graduating, I accepted a teaching position in Lyman, Wyoming, where I taught science and coached three sports. Our two years there brought us our third daughter, Michelle Lee, born September 22, 1971, in Evanston, Wyoming.

We moved from Wyoming to St. Johns, Arizona, in the fall of 1972, where I taught English and coached at the High School. It was good to be home for a season. We were especially glad to be close to Mom and Dad. While there, our children got a great opportunity to get to know Grandma Gibbons, too. (They had to fight me for her cookie jar, which was always full of her delicious sugar cookies). We were extremely saddened at her passing, but we knew that she was happy to be with her "Marion" again...

During our sojourn in St. Johns, our fourth daughter was born: Tamara Lee, born June 24, 1973, in Lakeside, Arizona.

Again we moved on. This time to Bloomfield, New Mexico, our present home. I am employed by Bloomfield Municipal Schools as an English-Drama teacher. Our first year here brought us our fifth daughter, Stefanie Lee, born October 22, 1974, of course, in Farmington, New Mexico.

During all of our married life, we have been active in the Church, and have served in various positions as we have seen our forebearers do. We know the Church is true, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. We hope that our actions will always attest to this.

THE LARRY V. LEE FAMILY



JOHN & CHERYL SMITH
Robert, Mindy, Michelle,
Kimberly, Tim, Heidi

I, CHERYL ANN LEE SMITH, begin my story during my high school days. Living in St. Johns, a small Mormon town, I had opportunity to participate in numerous activities. I loved music and sports mainly. I remember being cheerleader, pom pom girl, singing in the choir, in the madrigal, and a solo; and playing clarinet in the band. Wow! What fun those days were. Then, after graduation I attended BYU in the fall of '68. What an exciting and wonderful place! I grew spiritually and gained some experiences which enriched my life. My second semester at BYU I encountered a friend who had a serious problem. I got involved in trying to help her and ended up becoming depressed and falling away from the influence of the Holy Ghost. But, with the help of friends and, of course, prayer, I came around to my old self again. I'm glad that I befriended that girl, because together she was able to overcome her problem and now we're good friends.

Well, home I went after a year of college. It was always good to go home to see my folks, my family, and relatives. One incident sticks in my mind about that summer of '69 (now 19 yrs.) A bunch of my classmates and I were talking about what would happen to us in the coming years. I remember saying, "I probably won't get married for another 3 years." And, one fellow spoke up and said, "Cheryl, I bet when I get back from my mission, you'll be married and have two kids." Well, that was yet to be seen. I returned to BYU, even though Mom and Dad didn't want me to, because I had a strong feeling that I ought to go back this time. Why, I didn't know. But I soon found out. On September 28th, I met this nice RM (returned missionary) named John Robert Smith (and I'm not pulling your leg); a shy

guy and a goodlooker. For some reason I felt that things would work out for this accounting major and I; and they did with a little urging from me. Five weeks later on Nov. 2, 1969, we became engaged. My folks were shocked at such a fast decision and wondered if it were true; I mean really.. John Smith. But on Fri., January 30, 1970 we were married in the Arizona Temple, surrounded by both our families and friends. Now I was Mrs. John Smith, but it wasn't just he and I for long. For on December 1, 1970, a little baby boy, Robert Scott, joined the ranks. Then on January 29, 1971, John graduated from BYU in accounting and we moved to San Jose, Calif. Shortly after, John found work with a national accounting firm. Well, our family expanded, for on Jan. 7, 1972, another baby boy, Timothy Lee, came to live with us. And now I'm proud to tell that on April 16, 1973 a sweet baby girl brightened our home. Her name was Michelle Lynn. As it turns out that previous prediction of marriage and two kids was right on the button. Fifteen months after Michelle, on July 19, 1974, another precious baby was born. This time..Mindy Lee.

The spirit heeded us to have another baby. So, on October 4, 1975, Kimberly Ann was sent to us. We now have five children and are so grateful for each one of them. Since we have this big family, we needed more room to house them: So, we moved to a bigger home in Sunnyvale, California. John is now a CPA and in business for himself, and I am a homemaker and we are both happy with each other, our children and the Gospel. My family and I are proud to be descendants of Marion V. Gibbons and Mary H. Gibbons...they've paved the way for all of us.



RICHARD & MARY FRANCES LEE BROWER
Rachelle, Ryan & Randall



MARY FRANCES LEE BROWER
Ten Year History 1966-1976

These last ten years have been the most eventful of my life. I've gone from high school to college to life as a home-maker and mother and wife.

I graduated from my Alma Mater, St. Johns High, in 1969 as Student Body secretary, FHA Parliamentarian, Pom Pom President, winner of the Office Practice Award, and member of the Honor Society. The climax of four wonderful years was being voted by the student to be the Queen of the Yearbook.

From our small school, I was ushered onto the tremendous campus of Brigham Young University in the fall of '69. I was so totally overwhelmed by its enormity, I wondered if that is where I wanted to be. But I found the church still the same anywhere as it had been at home and through association with the youth in our ward soon felt right at home. Thank Heavens for the Gospel!

My major (for the short time it lasted) was Elementary Education. I was an average student and studied enough but I must admit I had much more fun socializing. I had never been to so many dances, movies programs and productions and with so many boys. I had a ball! Little did I know I would meet the man I was to marry at the very first dance I attended. It was a dance sponsored by the Arizona Club of which my brother, Larry, was President. Those dances became my highlight and I never missed one, I met Dick even before the fall semester had officially started. In fact, he took me on the first date I had at the Y. A few days later when his roommates moved in he found himself rooming with my first cousin, Rick Johns. (It seems the Lord was making sure that one way or another we would meet).

We didn't date very much that winter until January. It didn't take Dick very long to know that I was the one for him and even shorter time to tell me so. I wasn't that fast and it took me (with a lot of prayers) a little longer to know how I felt. I have to interject a story right here. Dick had asked me to marry him and was waiting for an answer when I went home the end of January, 1970, to be a bridesmaid for my sister, Cheryl's, wedding. Mom had spent countless exhausting hours preparing for the reception. In the middle of the evening, during a lull in greeting guests, I pulled Mom off to the side and sprung this on her... "Mom, there's a fellow who has asked me to marry him." Mom's weary face fell and as she sunk back in the chair behind her, all she said to me was, "Tell him no!" I guess that was the wrong time and place to tell her such a thing.

I didn't list to her, though, and I married Elbert Richard Brower from McCammon, Idaho, on June 4, 1970 in the Arizona temple. "Nine months and fifteen minutes later" as my mom teases, we were blessed with a beautiful 8 lbs. 9 ozs. boy, Ryan Wade. (Actually it was nine months and nine days later on March 13, 1971, that our baby was born... just to set things straight).

We attended BYU for two more years until Dick received his BS degree in Business Management. In June of 1972, we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah and bought a home. On December 19 of that year, another 8 lb. 4 oz boy was born to us. We named him Randall Lee.

Dick was employed with Sears as a departmental manager until January of 1974. He then went into business for himself with two partners and for 1½ years until July, 1975, he sold real estate and insurance. Things weren't going too good, so he took a

job in July as Personnel Director and Accounts Payable Manager for Harmon's City, Inc., and is also selling real estate and doing very well.

In July of '74, a baby girl, Rachelle, weighing 8 1b. 4 oz. came to our house. She seemed healthy enough when born, but we didn't know then that we would almost lose her. When she was five weeks old, along with her two brothers, she came down with measles. The boys got over it, but Rachelle didn't. She went from measles to pneumonia, whooping cough, bronchitis and also had an esophagialhyatis. She would regurgitate her milk and then aspirate it into her lungs. She was one sick little girl and spent a week in Primary Children's Hospital, two days of which she was in Intensive Care. I know that through the power of the priesthood, Dick's honoring that priesthood and our faith our little girl was healed in that one week period... totally.

On May 5, 1976, another little spirit joined us. Travis Von, our biggest, 10 lb. 6 oz. at this writing is one month old. He is very healthy and I know what a blessing a healthy baby is.

We are very active in the Church. Our lives revolve around it. Dick is very interested in Genealogy, has been our Ward Genealogy Chairman, Gospel Doctrine teacher, Scoutmaster, Deacons and Teachers Quorum Advisor, and is now the Elders Quorum President. I have been a Primary President, a Primary teacher since I was 14, Jr. Sunday School Organist, Laurel Teacher, Editor of the ward paper, and I am currently the Homemaking Leader in our Relief Society. We have often asked ourselves what our lives would be like without the Gospel. It would be awfully empty, wouldn't it?



JOHN & DARYL LEE

Ten years is not such a long time, only about 1/7th of the average life, but much can happen. I believe that the last 10 years have been the most important of my life...however long that will be.

I began high school in 1968 and was graduated in 1971. I remember these years as happy ones. Sports, puppy love and Whiting Bros. Service Station played dominant roles during this exciting time.

My initiation in the cold, cruel world began in the fall of 1971 when I left home for the first time and enrolled in BYU. The realities of life were more evident at the "Y", seeing that no longer could Mom and Dad 'ride herd' on me. I stayed at BYU until the summer of 1972 when I returned to work as a Park Ranger at Lyman Lake. That fall I again enrolled in college, only this time it was NAU in Flagstaff. After an unhappy semester at NAU I returned to Provo in January, 1973. It was during this semester that I really grew up. I decided that I wanted to fill a mission. I returned home that summer and again worked at the Lake. It was July when I received my mission call..to the Fiji Islands.

In September of 1973, I left for my mission some 5,000 miles away. I think that the value of a mission and its rewards is pretty obvious..especially to those who have themselves experienced the joy of serving the Lord and your fellow man, I fell in love with the Polynesian people and their famed faithfulness.

I returned home in September of 1975 and immediately enrolled at BYU. It was during this semester that I met my lovely wife. It seems that St. Johns is in my blood and as fate would have it, Daryl Smith from Phoenix turned out to be Elda Brown's granddaughter and a frequent visitor to the old pueblo. But being from robust pioneer stock,

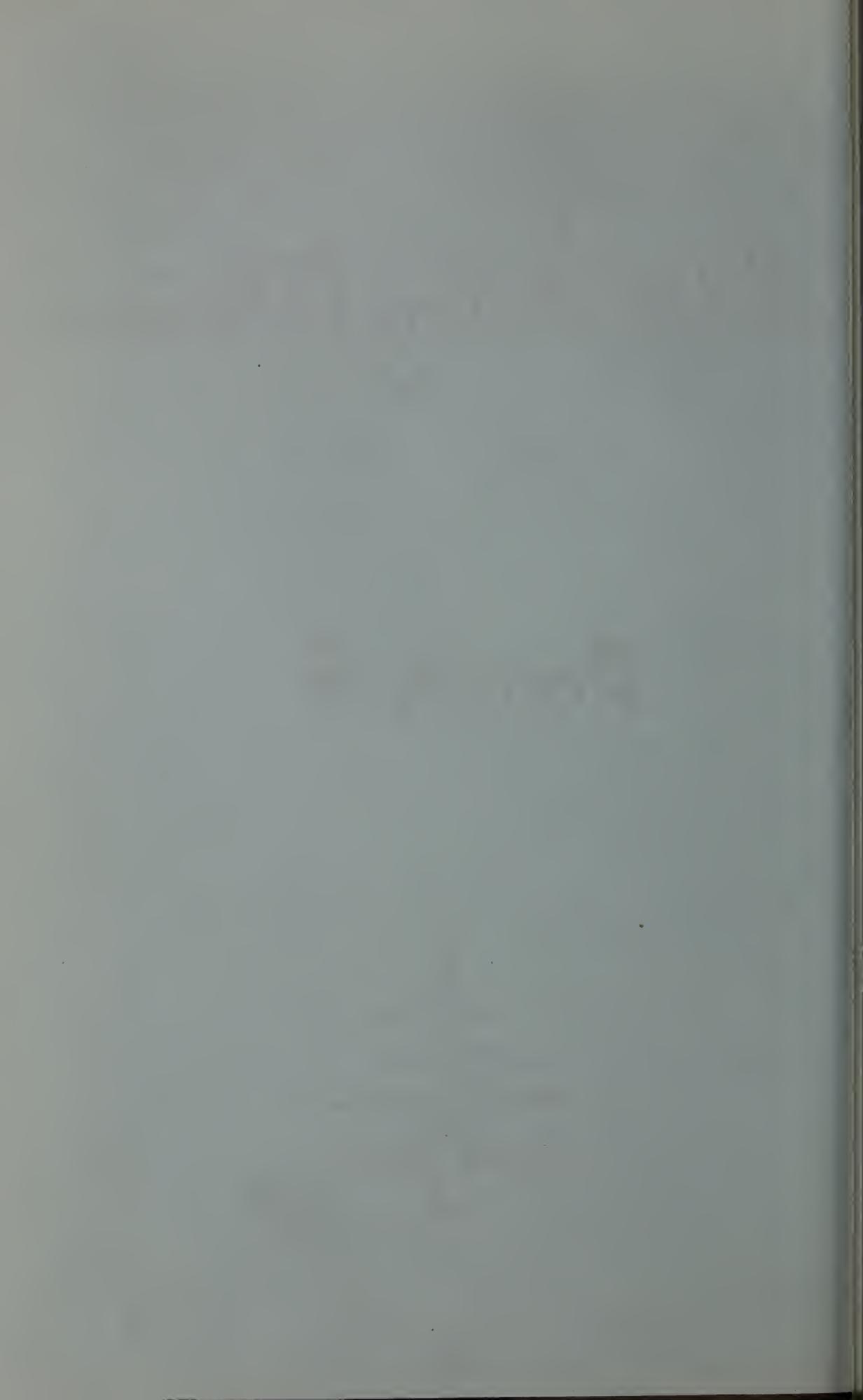
the city life only made her sweeter, We were engaged in November and following a transfer to ASU in Temple, we were married March 12, 1976, in the Arizona temple, School is now our main occupation and will be for a few more years.

Maybe the next 10 year history we'll be more numerous and hope to have had a wonderful ten years, I pray the Lord will bless us all as a family, to live worthy of our heritage.

LaVelle Whiting DeSpain

Branch 4







MEL & LAVELLE GIBBONS DESPAIN



EDDIE & NANETTE WHITING

A decade has passed since our last writing, and this year, 1976, finds our great nation, the United States of America, celebrating its 200th Birthday. A 200th Birthday is a pretty significant event and in every state, county and city the flags of this great nation are waving, bands playing, and we have seen many wonderful programs on T. V., in the schools, and churches presented in honor of this event. We will never live to see such a celebration as this in our life time again, so I think we should do our all to let our children and friends see how we feel about our country. Arlo and Katy, Mel and myself are on the Stake Bicentennial Committee contributing our time, talents (if any) and suggestions to the wards in our Stake. This is our contribution to our Nation's Birthday!

Since the last writing I am ten years older, which means I'm approaching my 55th birthday (I know I don't look it - but it's true. Norma is 17 months younger - Katy is 17 months older, and you won't believe this, but Helen is 5 years older! She exercises!! So if you are good at math you can now know the true ages of my sisters. But, we are all young at heart, even though our combined ages makes us 25 years older than our nation.

Each year I vow I'll exercise like Helen, study like Katy, and be a good neighbor and friend like Norma...but where does the time go?

A great deal has happened in the past ten years. Some good, some bad; and some sad. Just two years ago, on February 12, 1974, we lost our Mom, and our best friend. I started to write she was only eighty years old, and that is old, but on Mom it looked good and to us she didn't seem old. She was still young at heart. She made herself so dear to all of us that the loneliness caused

by her passing was felt by the youngest of her great grandchildren to her oldest grandchild, and we all felt that we were her favorite. She treated each one as such.

Visiting her home after she was gone was a most difficult task, and I realized more than once that she was the body and soul of that home. The warmth, the shelter, the beauty of her crocheted doilies, the cleanliness of each room, and her decorative touches seen everywhere made up the body. Her concern, love, cheerfulness, compassion and wonderful attitude was the Soul of her home. When she died her home, body and soul, died, too. Katy and I had to go there many times after and do the hard task of closing her door forever. We laughed a little and cried a lot. We reminisce about so many wonderful events that took place in that home, and each time we left it was with a heavy heart as we knew it could never be again. We are all so grateful to have Howard and Jackie living there and I know Daddy and Mother would feel good about their new tenants.

Now, after two years, I feel that I can write about that last day. I guess Mother hadn't been well for several days before she died, but she never told anyone about it until the night she passed away. We have thought since, that had she told us, we might still have her with us, but are so grateful she didn't have to suffer or be a burden on anyone. It was the way she wanted it. Saturday night, before the following Tuesday when she died, she went to a basketball game with Mel, Helen and myself and after the game, I invited the rest of the family down for cake and ice cream. She visited and laughed and talked like as always. None of us were aware of the fact that she suffered a heart attack by the high school before going into the game, and was in a lot of pain until the last quarter. She

didn't attend church the next day, which should have made us suspicious, but she just said she felt tired and stayed at home.

Monday she did many things. She was the Visiting Teacher Supervisor and had called some of the sisters to check on their visiting teaching. She paid all of her bill. She went to the bank to make a deposit and as she started to leave she had another heart attack, but told no one about it. Instead she somehow made it to a little secluded alley that separates the bank and the drug store and there she sat until the pain subsided and she could walk the block to her home. She still never called for help or mentioned it. Later that day, about 4:45, I felt a great uneasiness and a real urgency to see Mother. I only live a block from her home, so I was soon calling her name and going from room to room searching for her. It was obvious she had just left home. I could tell from the odor of fresh baked cake and her unfinished doilie lying on the table that she wasn't too far away. As I started out the back door I called to her good neighbor, Ellen Overton, and she told me that Mother had gone with Katy to take the mail. Rushing up to the post office, I found her sitting in the mail van waiting for Katy. She said, "Dear, what is the matter? Did you want me?" I told her I felt uneasy about her and had to know where she was and if she was all right. She assured me she felt fine and would call me as soon as she got home. Which she did.

She was quite upset when she called. She told me of a bad car accident that happened by Concho Country Club, and one lady was killed. About $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after her call, I had another call from Anona Heap telling me that our good friend and neighbor, Louise Udall, had passed away. I called Mom to tell her of Sister Udall's passing, and told her I

would take her to Phoenix for the services. She didn't say anything and after a long silence, I said, "What is the matter, Mother.. don't you want to go to Sister Udall's funeral...after all, you have been life long friends and neighbors." She just said, LaVelle, what if I'm too sick to go?" I dropped the receiver and ran up to her house. I knew something was drastically wrong. That was the first time I'd ever heard her admit she was sick. There had been times when I knew she was ill, but she never allowed it to show. To do so would have been fatal. All her life she cared for others, but never wanted to be the recipient of their attention and care.

I had reason to be alarmed. One look at her pale face told me that my Mother was a very sick lady. She wasn't in bed but was sitting on the couch talking to Laurette and Brett, Jack's two children, and had even played a game of "Sorry" with them. This was so typical of her. She loved her family and grandchildren. When Brett, who loved to spend the night with her, asked if he could stay with her that night she said, "Dear, I don't feel too well tonight, but maybe tomorrow." Vince, Jack's oldest boy, came in about then and I asked him to get his father and Aunt Katy as soon as possible.

While I was helping her into her pajamas she had two bad pains and had to lie down until they had passed. With each pain, her face grew whiter and her breathing became fast and short. As soon as Jack and Katy came, and Jack took her pulse, they both agreed she was having heart attacks. Hearing this diagnosis, Katy and I started packing her overnight bag to take her to the hospital. She pleaded with us not to make her leave her home, assuring us all the time she just needed to lie down and would be all right. We were insistent until we saw the

tears streaming down her cheeks. It is hard to force a person to leave their home when they feel that strongly about it. We finally reached an agreement with her that Katy and I would sleep there (Katy with mother and I would stay in the back bedroom), and if she had the slightest pain she would call us and we would in turn call Jack and be on our way to the hospital in Springerville. Mother failed to keep her part of the bargain, because she had several attacks before she wakened Katy. She told Katy, "We had better go. I can't stand another pain like that one."

Mother had a real thing about hospitals and had secured a promise from us that if she ever had a terminal disease, we would not put her in a hospital to prolong her life, but would let her die at home. We are grateful neither Mom or her children had to make that decision.

Mother was in a great deal of pain all the way to the hospital, but as soon as the car stopped in front of the hospital, she had the door open and insisted that she walk in. She was most indignant and embarrassed when the nurse insisted that she ride in the wheel chair to the emergency room. As the nurse was taking her pulse, she said, "Now this is silly. I'm going to be fine so all of you go home. Katy and Jack, you have to work tomorrow, and LaVelle, you need to be home with Mel when he is sick." These were her last words. A pained expression came over her face, her breathing stopped and our Mom was gone. The Doctor didn't come for about twenty minutes and all this time Jack and the nurse worked frantically to try to revive her, but all was in vain. She seemed to die instantly.

Mother would have been pleased had she been able to see herself after she was prepared for burial. She looked beautiful. Helen, Katy, Della and myself all helped to dress her and I had the opportunity to fix

her beautiful golden blonde hair. When our little granddaughter, Nicki Lowell, looked at her, she said, "Why is our Grandma Gibbons in that beautiful Happy Birthday Box?" I told her that Grandma had gone to be with Jesus and was having a birthday there. She said, "When will Grandma Gibbons come back?" I told Nicki she would come back when she has another birthday party here with Jesus. She said, "Oh, I like that...that is nice."

It was hard to give Mother up, but it was comforting to know that she would never be lonely again and that she was with our father. The ironic thing about Mother's and Dad's passing is that they both died of heart failure in the same hospital and under similar circumstances. We were living in St. Johns that summer. Mother called me early that morning in June and told me Daddy hadn't slept well and she was very concerned about him and she would appreciate it if I would drive them to the hospital in Springerville. Daddy looked quite pale, but was in the best of spirits and talked and laughed most of the way. He didn't say much from the Becker bridge on in and told us that as we were crossing the bridge he had a bad pain in his chest and I remember saying, "Lady, I thought for a minute that this is it."

Daddy, like Mother, insisted that he walk into the hospital. As they were making arrangements for his admittance and asking the necessary questions, he was kidding and laughing with the hospital personnel. I especially remember him laughing with one of the nurses named Isabel. This girl and her sister Rita used to baby sit for me and Daddy reminded her of one time he came to my home when she was there and he said to her, "I can never tell you and your sister apart, you're both fat and have pretty faces. I think the reason he remembered it was the reaction of my Pam. She couldn't believe her ears. I don't think Isabel liked it any

more than Pam, but she laughed.

He went to bed in a good mood and seemed very comfortable..but tired. As soon as he was settled and had a shot, he said, "Lady, I'm tired. I think I'll just sleep. Why don't you and LaVelle go get something to eat and let me just rest." Mother left reluctantly, telling him we would be back. But, he said, "Why don't you just go on home and come and get me in the morning after the tests are completed?" He kissed us both goodbye, then smiled and waved to us as we left. That was the last time we saw him alive.

Jack visited with him later that evening and he said he was in a reminiscing and jovial mood. They talked about some of the funny things that had happened in Daddy's life, and Jack said later it was one of the best visits he had ever had with Daddy. Mother felt reassured when Jack told her this, so she decided not to go back that evening. She was up early that morning getting things ready for his return. She called me several times to make sure I would be ready to leave by nine. She had talked to the nurse and was told that we could pick him up at 9:30.

Katy was the one who had to deliver the said news to our mother that Daddy wouldn't be coming home that day, or ever. It was really a shock to all of us. We were told by one of the nurses that he had spent a fairly restful night; ate his breakfast but soon after said he was nauseated, but before the nurse could attend to him, he was gone.

A bright light was extinguished in our lives with his passing. Daddy was one of the happiest, most affectionate, fun loving people I have ever known. He had a special talent in that he could thrill as much over a new pair of stockings and matching hand-kerchief as the ordinary person would thrill

over a trip to New York. He had a dynamic personality and a contagious laugh that drew people to him like a magnet. He was good company and being well read on most every subject he could talk anyone's language. Daddy and Mother had a good marriage and were blessed to be able to spend over fifty years together. I would like to dedicate this poem to their marriage:

YOUR HANDS

Your hands they tell the story
Of fifty years of Love and Strife,
They tell of sorrows borne and
victories won;
Together in your life.
Fifty years ago, when you clasped
your hands in love
God smiled on both of you,
His approval from above.

So He sent you precious spirits,
Because He alone did know
The love, the care, the attention
Your precious hands would show.
Those hands have served your God,
And fellowmen, as well.
The lines, the wrinkles, and the
roughness,
Alone a story tell.

Your hands will go on serving
"Till death they are folded there."
"Well done, thou good and faithful
servant,"
"Be free from earthly care."
For in my Celestial Kingdom,
Your hands have work to do,
As you travel Heaven's Highways,
Hand in hand...the two of you."

Eddie was a freshman in high school at the time of our move and was most happy to be starting school at St. Johns with his old classmates. He was soon involved in the many activities of school and was happy to be able to forget Mesa and the past seven years. School has always been easy for Eddie and in Mesa he made excellent grades and excelled in music, for which like his father, he has a natural talent. But, in St. Johns he became the social manager (not an elected office), but I think he sponsored and planned every social event that was held during his four years in high school. His grades were a little lower, but his morale was much higher. It was good to know he was happy again, as he and Ken had both been so unhappy in Mesa. Had honors been given for his involvement as Social Manager, I'm sure he would have received a scholarship to the "Academy of Fun Parties and Better Dances."

But, it was good to have him involved and accepted back into school life at St. Johns High. He played football the last two years, played in the band, sang in the choir and was elected most popular boy in his class for two years and Student Body President his senior year, besides being elected to be Homecoming King and Prom King his Junior year. No wonder he loved being back home!

Eddie took piano lessons for several years before we left Mesa and three years from Letty Patterson..but in his senior year he refused to take any more lessons. Mrs. Patterson pled with him to continue on .. telling him that if he would give her two more years to work with him she could make the finest pianist out of him that ever came out of St. Johns...but he was adamant and wouldn't continue. So - what is a parent to do??

Eddie was called to serve a mission for the church in the Washington, D.C. Mission,

but due to ill health, he only stayed 4½ months. He lost about 25 lbs., and one look at him told me he had gone through a real mental battle before he had reached the decision to come home. It has been a rough year for him, but with his determination and desire to get well, I can see he is making real progress. He has completed college at M.C.C. and at present is attending summer school in the Valley. He wants to be a tax attorney and feels he can get the courses he needs to qualify him for this profession at A.S.U.

I am going to let my married children give their own report, except to say I think we have the best children in the world. I often think of what Mother said about her children's choice of mates. She said, "I am so glad the choosing wasn't left up to me. They all chose the best and I don't know if I could have done that well." Well, that is the way I feel about the members in our family who have joined our clan through marriage. They are the best and I wouldn't change a one of them. Steve and Karl, my two sons-in-law make me feel so welcome that when I go visit them, I don't know when to come home. Karma, Ken's wife is just like a daughter to me, and I feel as welcome at her home as I do my daughters'. I only wish Helen would give me a few pages to devote to telling you about our exceptional and beautiful grandchildren.

All of my married children were married in the temple and are active members of the church, for which I am very grateful.

Other sheep I have who are not of this fold, but are of the house of Mel DeSpain, so I will let him tell you about this little flock of three.

"Just send me a bus ticket for graduation so I can come home to live" was my oldest daughter, Vicki's, request. So Vicki came

to live with us in June of 1967.

She didn't live with us long. Only until she married Ron Gillespie in October of that year. It was an unfortunate marriage and after six rather unhappy years, it was terminated in divorce. Jonathan, my first grandson, was born October 1, 1972. He is a good looking, black eyed (like his mother) little boy, and a real delight to all of us.

Vicki remarried in October, 1974, to a nice man from Chula Vista, California, Michael Melycher, Vicki's new husband, has brought a lot of happiness into Vicki's and Jonathan's life, for which we are very happy. Unable to have children of their own, they adopted little Mickey in January of 1976. They recently bought a new home in Chula Vista, Calif. where Vicki is happy to stay at home with her two little boys and fill her role as the natural little mother she is. (Editor's note; Vicki is a very lovely, talented girl and plays the piano like a professional.)

An invitation to spend Labor Day with us brought my second daughter, Pam DeSpain, to our house. She liked us so well she returned again for Christmas in 1969, and has been coming back quite regularly. We were getting to the point where we looked forward to seeing her when a clean cut young sailor came along and married her in the Manti Temple in August of 1970, and moved her to his home town of West Point, Utah.

January 25, 1972, brought a beautiful baby girl, Collette, into their home. Though they wanted another one fairly soon, they had to wait three and a half years before little Douglas Melvin, my namesake, was born to the Val Youngberg home. This event occurred on June 3, 1975. They are both active in the Church and enjoy living in the farming community of West Point where Val is employed and graduated from The University this year.

(Editor's Note: Pam, too, is a very lovely girl and a talented artist).

Barry, my only son, grew up in California and graduated in Chula Vista High School in 1974. He moved to Arizona that same year and on to Utah where Pam and Val live. Although Barry liked Arizona and Utah, there was a part of California, he couldn't leave behind in the person of Charity Novak. Charity evidently liked Barry better than her home state of California, and joined him in his move.

July 3, 1975, took us to West Point, Utah, to attend their wedding. Pam and Val's backyard was the setting of a beautiful garden wedding. A lovely reception followed and many came to wish them a happy married life.

They liked Arizona, so moved to Joseph City in October, 1975, where they are presently living, and we are fortunate enough to see them often. (Editor's Note: Barry's a man of few words, but his talent lies in mechanical work. His wife, Charity, is a good filler-in when the conversation lags and is a very sweet girl.).

We moved back to St. Johns seven years ago, at Mel's insistence. I was the foot dragger and protester, until I could see that Mel meant business. I really had dual feelings. I liked living in Mesa close to my girls and grandchildren, yet my roots and home were in St. Johns. I'm grateful now that Mel took the initiative - accepted a job in Show Low, selling carpet and drapes, and moved us "back home".

I was very glad to be here with Mother after Daddy's death. Mel was especially good to my Mother and she loved and respected him. Mother depended on him for many things and he never let her down. From decorating her home to irrigating her lawn, he became her man "Friday". Arlo said, "Mel decorates

her house on the inside and I spread manure on the outside."

This has proved to be a good move for all concerned. We were able to buy out the man Mel was working for in Show Low, and enlarged the store to include, not only carpet and drapes, but gifts, interiors and accessories. We named our new enterprise: "DeSpain's Interiors". It has been an interesting business because it is something we both like to do. Mel especially has a flair for interior decorating, and is in his 7th heaven when he is involved in refurbishing some client's home.

Before my son, Ken, left on his mission he had asked his aunts that if they should ever decide to sell his Grandma Whiting's old home, would they give him first chance. He hadn't been gone too long when they gave that chance. I bought it for him with the understanding that he could buy it back when he completed his schooling. Well, to make a long story short, we decided to open another store in St. Johns, and what could be a more perfect place to display home furnishings than this beautiful old home. Karma, Ken's wife, who has a natural flair for decorating, was as excited about our new project as we were and spent many weeks working; planning, painting, and wallpapering side by side with Mel. Ken did a lot of the painting and I furnished the input (food and ideas). I had to have gall bladder surgery about the time we started the project so I wasn't able to do too much of the actual work. One day as Karma started to leave to go work on the house, she said, "I had better get up to Grandma's house," then catching herself, she said, "We have got to quit calling it that if it is to be a store." I said, "Why not call it "Grandma's House". It has always been Grandma's House to us, and it will always be that. So, today, our store in St. Johns is "Grandma's House" and will be until

Ken and Karma move home to stay.

The past ten years have been good years. We have taken some delightful trips which include a trip to Hawaii with Ken and Eddie while Ken was still in high school and Eddie in grade school. Our only regret was that we hadn't taken the time to make arrangements with a travel agency on a guided tour. We felt we missed a lot by trying to be our own tour guides.

When we started making plans to visit Mexico City, you can be sure we were lined up with a good reliable travel agency, and we felt we didn't miss a thing. Stayed in the best hotels, had excellent food, traveled first class and our guides were the best. Ken was on his mission at the time, so we invited our granddaughters, Kim and Helen Benson, to go along and be Eddie's traveling companions. It was real fun having those little girls with us..in spite of our one mishap when Kim woke up one morning with a bad throat and missed the trip to the pyramids.

We have gone on some good trips here in the states with Katy and Arlo, but the best one was to Houston, Texas, at the famous Rancho Neglecto owned and operated by Marion and Leona Gibbons. We highly recommend it to any of you who might be looking for real southern hospitality and good food. It is the best. If you want to go on a fun trip, take the Lees along.

We recently returned from visiting the Holy Land with Jack and Della. This was one of the most spiritual experiences of our lives and we shall be eternally grateful to Jack and Della for almost forcing us to go on that trip. We went with the B.Y.U. study group. It was a real thrill to be traveling with people of your own faith. Our guide, a young American living in Jerusalem with his young wife and children, was so well versed in the gospel, the people,

and Christ's teachings it was like having a walking encyclopedia with us. We highly recommend the trip, and Jack and Della as traveling companions.

Since moving home we have become involved in many things besides keeping two stores going. We have both enjoyed this work. The type of people we do business with, going to the gift shows twice a year in Los Angeles and then the thrill of opening our purchases a few months later. It's like Christmas! By the time our orders start arriving, we have almost forgotten what we bought, so we "oh" and "ah" as we open each item. But, like any business it has its adverse side. We worry during the slow months and pray the busy months will see us through the slow... so goes life and the problems of being your own boss.

I'm still working in one of my favorite organizations..Recovery...This is an organization for nervous people, and as there are a lot of us "nervies" around, I feel it is a most needed service and very rewarding. I feel a real dedication to this work and want to help others as I have been helped. The training is invaluable to anyone who will make a business of the program and has a real desire to get well. I will probably work in it all of my life, because I know it works.

Our church work keeps us very involved and we love this. In the past five years I have been a ward Relief Society President and am now serving as Stake Relief Society President of the St. Johns Stake. I was called to this position four years ago this month (June) 1976. I've never worked in an organization in the church that I like better, and I think I have worked in almost every organization. Yes, it is truly my favorite. The first reason is it is the first time in my life I have been in a position where I was over Katy and could boss

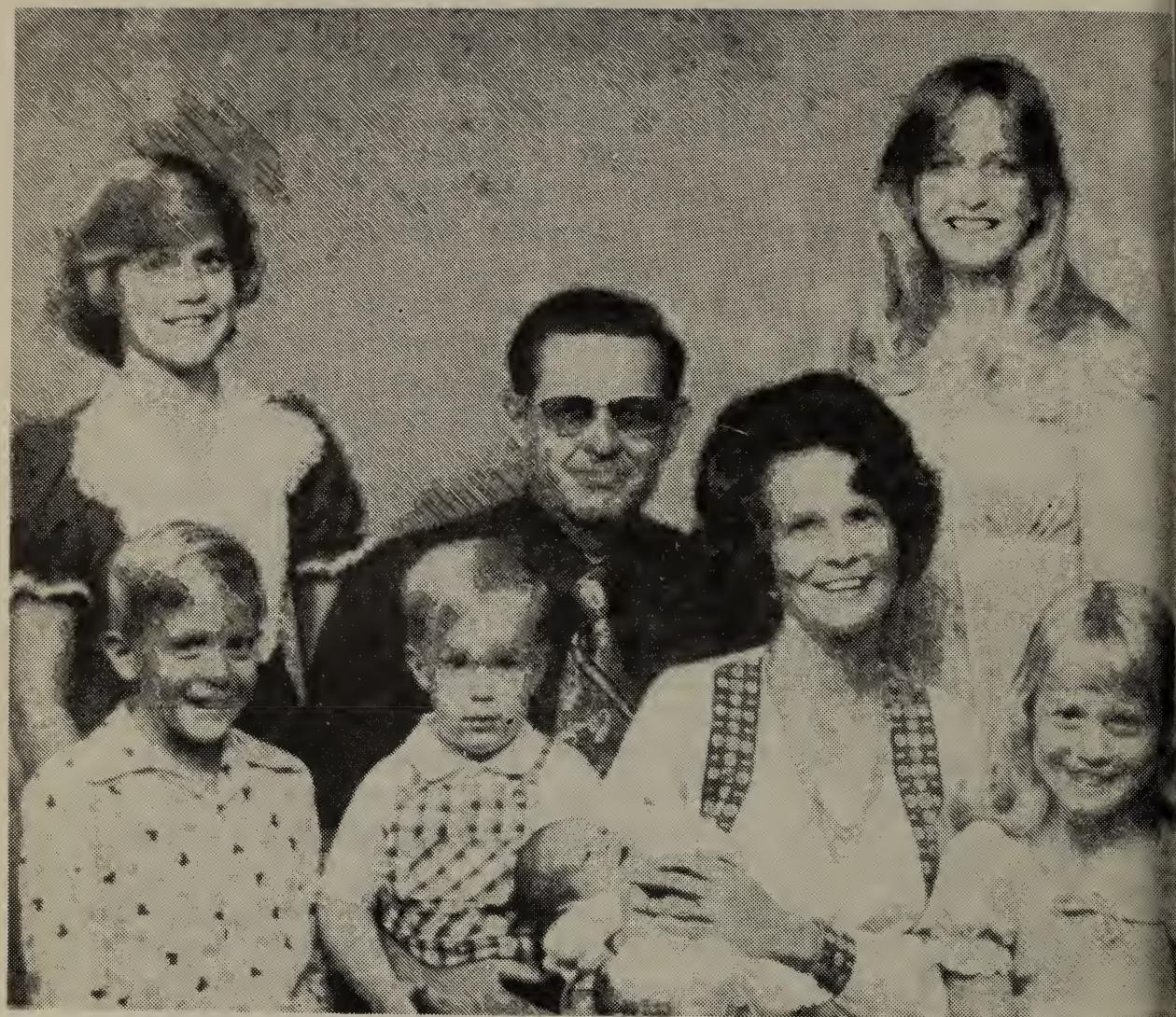
her....Not really! Katy is my best teacher and board member and I love working with her like I love socializing with her and her good husband Arlo. And like I love being her good neighbor, sister and friend.

I love the sisters I work with both on a ward and stake level. Each one is an inspiration to me in their dedication to this work. It has been a most humbling experience as I felt so inadequate, but the Lord has blessed me in many ways to fill this calling. He gave me the best sisters in the Stake to serve on my Board. I have the support of my family and good husband (he is my special assistant) and He has blessed me with the time and health to carry on His work.

Mel has held many church positions here in the St. Johns Stake and ward. He was first speech director in the M.I.A.; then Activity Counselor and his last position in this organization was the director of the A.P.Y.M. Between Director and Speech Director, he was a Stake Auditor. He is now serving as Ward Clerk in charge of membership. I think he enjoys his last calling best, as he is one who would rather be seen than heard.

I want to thank Helen for her persistence in tackling another book. I think it is wonderful and glad we have someone like her to prod us into action. We not only thank you, Helen, but am sure those who follow after will be eternally grateful for the sequel to "YOUNG AT HEART."

LaVelle Gibbons Whiting DeSpain



KARL & PAMELA WHITING BENSON
Kimberly, David, Paul
Katy, Denise, Helen

Ten years ago, our family consisted of four. Two beautiful, very special daughters and two extremely proud parents. Since that time, three more children have blessed our home, and I'm sure that well before this finds print, our total will be six.

At this point, I want very much to tell a little about our children. Both collectively and individually they are a delight. Each and all have brought more happiness and satisfaction to our home than we will ever be able to tell them. As their parents, Karl and I feel to express gratitude for their initial goodness, and the commendable manner in which they have enlarged on this.

Helen Elizabeth was the first to be sent to us, and we soon learned that she was a bright, capable little person who was very much aware of the world around her, and wanted to enjoy it, and become a very active part of it. She has always been a dedicated observer of those around her and has been teased somewhat because of her ability to rapidly adopt the language patterns of the various places which we've visited. Helen is a careful observer of others and naturally sociable. This combination has enabled her to enjoy her world and find a comfortable in the company of others. We're pleased with Helen's achievements academically, in the area of sports, piano and flute. She was a good pace setter, and still is.

Eleven months after Helen's arrival, Kimberly Ann made her debut. All of the children have arrived well before their due date, but Kim has the distinction of being the earliest. Her arrival was almost two and a half months premature and we were very fearful for her well being. At this time we felt a great deal of comfort from the knowledge of the many prayers which were offered by all of our good family and the special Priesthood blessings given by her father during her month in the hospital.

I remember looking at the tiny, struggling form in her incubator and included in my prayers a desire that she would live so that she and Helen would be able to enjoy each other's companionship and develop a closeness from both age and sisterhood. Karl gave Kim the nickname of "Spook" shortly after we brought her home because her enormous brown eyes were a dominant characteristic. Her eyes were so big and she was so small that during night feedings we were very much aware of them. The prayers offered in her behalf have been more than answered and our little Kim has been a delight with her cute wit, natural giggle and twinkling big brown eyes. She, too, has been a diligent little worker in school, sports, piano and flute.

After five years without a baby, we were certainly ready for our Denise Margaret. As a tiny baby Denise was full of tummy aches and I'm sure this contributed to an unsettled beginning. The tummy aches, which sometimes tormented most of the night, finally left, and a smile just as sparkly and happy as those aches were gloomy started to win dominance. Denise was a surprise with her pretty complexion of fair skin, dark brown eyes, and strawberry blonde hair. We're not too sure where the hair came from, but that was her distinction, and she's seemed to enjoy the extra attention it has brought. She is her Daddy's "Sweetheart" and "Carrot Head" and Grandpa Benson calls her "Pinky" while Grandpa DeSpain teases that her hair is really purple. Since her arrival we've realized that we've been blessed with a choice little spirit that wants to be good, do thoughtful little acts for others, has a keen mind and works with it. This totals up to a little doll which we love very much. Denise also enjoys school and we trace her love for math back to Grandpa Gibbons.

After three daughters, we were elated to welcome a son. It makes such a nice balance to have some of each and Karl had been anxiously awaiting his arrival for many years. David Karl enjoyed the distinction of being our first of a new kind. He, too, started this life a little sooner than he should have and had to spend some extra time in the hospital. As soon as he was released, Denise, David and I flew to Holland, Michigan, to join Karl, Helen and Kim at one of the National Science summer institutes which we've been privileged to attend. The latter three had enjoyed a vacation full of treats and enticements. One reason for the extra icing was because it had been decided that girls big enough to take a special vacation with Daddy were big enough to leave thumbsucking and "blankies" at home.

This was a happy time for us and proved to be a healthy beginning for David. We look at David now and are sometimes surprised at his deep thoughts, his interest and ability to understand a situation or work a puzzle. One delightful trait is his sense of humor and love of a joke -- wonder where this came from. David and Denise both enjoy singing and he, too, likes school and is working hard to continue in his natural scholastic interests.

After the son, it was almost too good to be true to deliver a second. Before I was wheeled from the delivery room a nurse asked, "Dr., do you know your patient hasn't stopped smiling since that baby came?" Karl was equally pleased and stated that his name would be Paul Scott. The initials would be P. S., and this would indicate that we just tacked him on the end. I wonder what name he will come up with for the initials P.S.S. The only dubious factor concerning Paul's arrival was Denise's acceptance of him. He, too, had red hair and she wasn't

sure she was willing to share this distinction. Her attitude has changed now and she feels a greater claim on him because of their similar features and coloring.

Paul is two now and though it's a little early to tell where some of his interests will lie, we feel we know a great deal about him and he pleases us very much. We're tickled by his love for motorcycles, trucks, play cars, and the noises and action he puts with each. He loves his hats and among them are his "firehat" and his "cowhat". He's a lucky little guy because he has four dedicated fans in his brother and sisters and they are very good to him and shower him with an abundance of love and attention. He reciprocates with juicy kisses and sticky hugs and it seems that's what they want.

I've introduced our children, and feel that this makes a fair report on where my activities have been for the past ten years also. This brings me to the last and best and that's to their father and my good husband. Much of the happiness we've abundantl enjoyed stems back to his good direction, his desire for us to be well cared for and his almost constant happy disposition. These good qualities and many others find stabilit on a foundation of his testimony and con-scientious work for the Church. We all love him and hope he knows how very much he means to us.

With expressed appreciation for each of you, I'll close this account, wishing us all another very happy decade.

Pamela Whiting Benson



STEVE & CLAUDIA WHITING LOWELL
Steven, Joylyn, Jacqueline, Nicole

Ten years! When I was told to write my history for the last ten years, I was overwhelmed. These last ten years have had more crammed into them than the last twenty.

But here goes. First off, at the end of the summer of the 50th wedding anniversary (June 11, 1965), I was connived by my Aunt Erma Grant to enter the Miss Apache County Pageant. With her as your backer, there was no getting out of it. It was just easier to do it. Much to my dismay or pleasure (I am still not sure) I won! Two weeks later I entered Arizona State University as a freshman. School, church activities and getting ready for the pageant kept me plenty busy. Oh, yes I did find some time to date; but surely no intention of getting married at nineteen like my sister, Pam...

I made one mistake on January 21, 1966 and went on my first blind date that my cousin, David Whiting, had arranged..I went against my better judgment as I had a strict rule to never date blindly.

That fateful Friday evening I opened the door and at first I thought two missionaries were calling. But then I recognized David in a dark suit and a skinny tie. The other fellow (my date) looked like his mission had been one of much fasting, because he was just about as skinny as his tie. But I discounted that one drawback. (I decided that I could fatten him up, and I did.) Steven Ned Lowell had a lot of good qualities going for him. It was a delightful evening but I just couldn't be bothered with men just now as the Miss Arizona Pagenant was just two weeks away.

Steve claims he spent a lot of time on his knees praying that I wouldn't win Miss Arizona. So powerful were his prayers that he brought a flood to the whole Phoenix metropolitan area and the night of the Pageant I almost didn't get to the Coli-

seum. With someone who can call flood waters I didn't stand a chance to win. It seems that Steve pleaded his case this way, "Claudia would make a much better wife and mother in Zion than a beauty queen."

So within six fun filled months of courtship we were married on July 28, 1966, in the Arizona Temple at Mesa. By the way, I was just nineteen like Pam. And were we POOR. It is a good thing that love is the food of the gods because that was our main-stay.

Our landlord, Ned, who was a good friend of Steve's, started coming by in the middle of the month to pick up the rent. As our suppers of breaded sardines and unlabeled cans at the end of the month were not a bit appealing to Ned, still he was afraid of hurting my feelings, so he would eat with us.

Steve went to college and worked as assistant manager of a grocery store. This was where our main supply of unlabeled cans came from. I worked for an insurance company for a year until the arrival of our first child.

Our Heavenly Father, all our married life, has watched over us, but sometimes I have had to look back to see how much wiser He is than I am... Steve and I were greatly surprised when we learned we would be parents. Maybe shocked and stunned would be better words. But, because the Lord knew what would happen in the future he knew we needed a baby right then... Two months later Steve's draft deferment was changed to 1-A. Both of us were very sad as this was the height of the Vietnam crisis and most men were being sent there. Steve wrote the draft board for a father's deferment, and received one. The next month the draft laws were changed and the board didn't give father deferments anymore.

On November 30, 1967, Jacquelyn was born and I thought she was beautiful. But how

pretty can a skinny little 5 pound 8 ounce baby with red skin and orange hair be? But our ugly little duckling has now grown into a beautiful swan. She is now nine years old. She is very creative and can draw, and also thinks of many imaginative things for her friends and younger sister and brother to do. She is very kind and has a sweet disposition. She is usually willing to be helpful in any way...

Steve and I had been married for 3½ years which thanks to the good husband and father he is, I can honestly say were the best years of my life. It was now time for another addition to our family. We were sure it would be a boy this time. Steve claims I timed Nicole's time of arrival on purpose, because just as he was leaving to play a championship basketball game, Nicki decided it was time to come. She wasn't a boy, but with her little round face, dark curls and big eyes, she looked like a dream doll. Nicki was born on February 10, 1970. She is now six years old and has just finished kindergarten. She has informed me that school was just fine but she has had enough of it. She always has a smile and never knows a stranger. She believes she can do anything. She likes everyone and is concerned about them, and in return most people like her.

Three more years pass and the Lowells are busy in church callings, making a living and a home. Oh, yes, Steve is trying to make sure that he is playing on as many basketball and softball teams as possible. His only regret is that he has only six nights a week to play ball...

Once again it is February and tournament time for basketball. Steve was sure that I wouldn't pick out the night of the championship game to go to the hospital. But I did! The game was lost but our son Steven Virgil was born on February 6, 1973. Steve was so excited that he called his best friend be-

fore he called our parents. Little Steve is three years old now and has a very kind and loving disposition. He takes good care of both his older and younger sisters. He idolizes his daddy and likes ball just like his daddy does. If it is basketball season he is constantly pitching baskets and when it is softball season we all have to take turns playing catch with him. When Steve is too old to play ball little Steve can take over.

In 1974 Steve was called to be a stake missionary and this calling has brought many blessings into our lives. One of these blessings was a little girl named Joylyn, born October 1, 1974. She was a very special baby right from the start. She is named for my sister who lived only two days. Joylyn is almost two now and very shy. Anything out of the ordinary embarrasses her, and she runs to hide or she closes her eyes. Her thinking seems to be "If I can't see you then you can't see me." The rest of the children are tall but Joylyn is little, but in height only. She wants to play with the big kids and be treated like one of them. She has curly hair and looks a lot like our Nicki.

Well, that brings me almost to the close of the past ten years, except for a few up to the minute items. Such as, in the middle of September, 1976, we will be having our fifth child. I am busy as second counselor in the Primary. Steve has just been released from his Stake mission and trying to make up for all the ball games he missed. Last week, for example, we went to six games. It should have been eight, but two of the games were played at the same as two others, and Steve had to make a choice!

Speaking of choices, I am so grateful Steve chose me. As my marriage to him has been one of joy, fun and happiness as we have grown together. He made only one

promise to me when he proposed, and that was that he would strive hard to get us back to our Heavenly Father. This is my goal, too, as I can't think of a better way to spend eternity than to spend it with Steve.

Claudia Whiting Lowell
1054 E. 7th Dr.
Mesa, Arizona 85204



KEN & KARMA WHITING
Michael By, Melanie, Stephanie

"Oh, Ken, don't be silly!" exclaimed Aunt Katy to Ken's previous remark that he planned on marrying Karma Udall when the time arrived...

That was ten years, one mission, one marriage, and two children ago...

Actually, the romance started in 1962 when Karma, an eighth grader, was playing baseball and the pitcher informed her that "Sam" (Ken's nickname) Whiting liked her.. Who's that? Karma questioned. Little did she know she would spend the next ten years finding out. That summer they sat by each other in the old show house, walked around town during the summer evenings with their friends, rode up and down main street on Johnny Naegle's tractor and even held hands. But the young puppy love was interrupted when Ken moved to Mesa in 1962 and lived there for 2½ years. He moved back to St. Johns in 1965 and lived with Aunt Katy Lee and Grandma Gibbons while attending high school. The romance struck up again.

This stay at Aunt Katy's was stormy. Between stealing the old red pick-up at midnight to ride around town and brewing wine in the cellar with Johnny Lee, Aunt Katy and Uncle Arlo's youngest, Aunt Katy gladly sent him on his way, down the hill to Grandma Gibbons' house. He had the special privilege of living at Grandma's and loved every minute and everything about it. food, clean crisp sheets, her home, quiet moments and mush. Ken enjoyed his high school years playing quarterback on the football team, working at Whiting's station, roping and breaking hearts, especially Karma.

Ken attended Mesa Community College his freshman year and was called on a mission in 1969 to Kentucky-Tennessee. He was a leader in the mission field and his love and testimony of the Gospel expanded. He returned home July 1, 1973, whereupon Uncle Arlo Lee,

assured him that he shouldn't feel obligated to marry Karma, but to wait a while and look around. Ken asked him if a month was long enough. What could Uncle Arlo say???

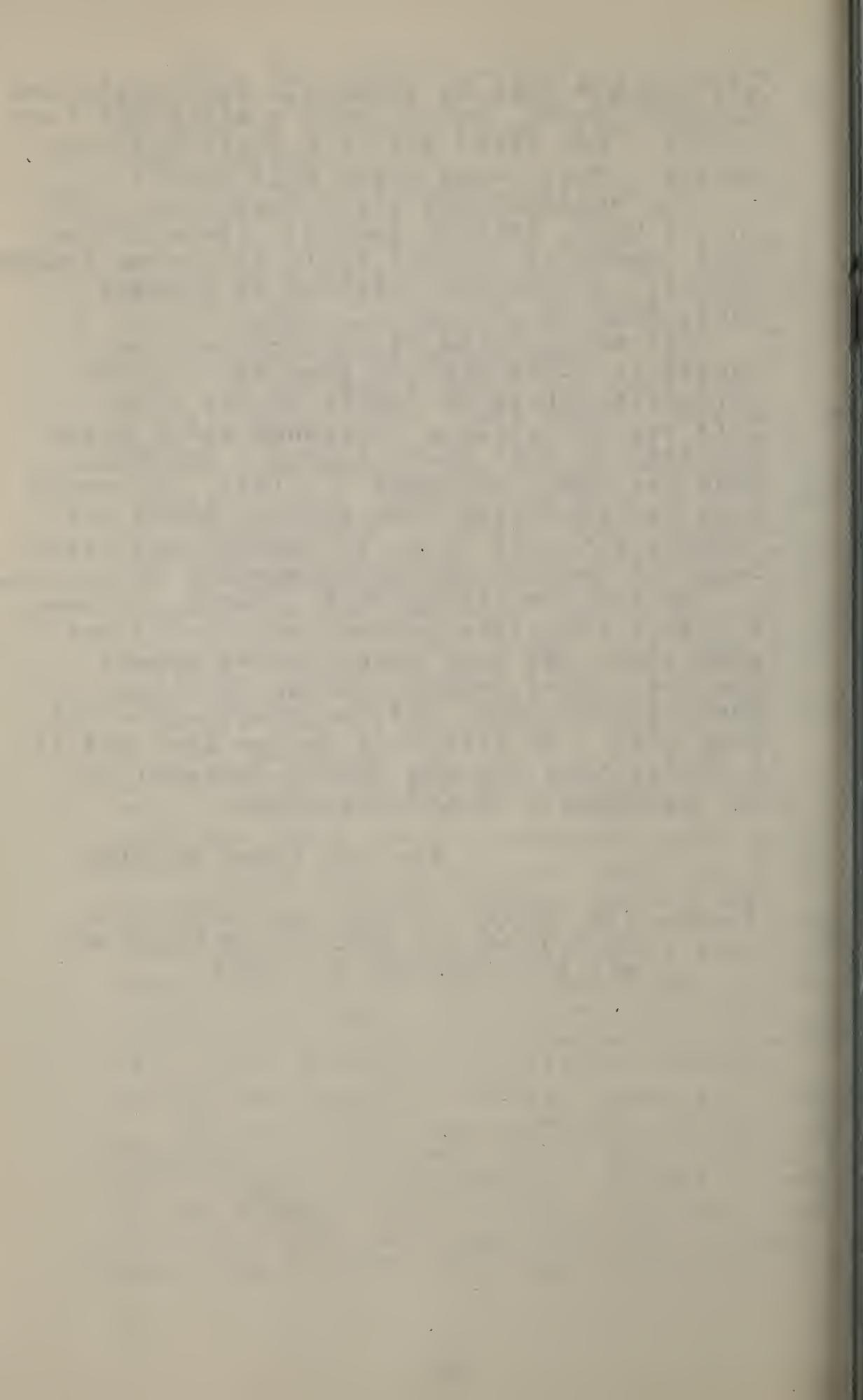
The wedding took place August 11, 1971, in the Mesa, Arizona temple. Ken attended Mesa Community College again and Karma taught school. A baby boy, Michael By blessed their home on August 11, 1973.

Ken was a stake missionary and then served as Stake Mission president of the University Stake in Temple during 1974. This was certainly a challenge and a great blessing to this small family. Stephanie made her debut December 6, 1975, at which time Ken graduated from Arizona State University with his B. S. in Biology and Karma received her Masters in Elementary Education.

We are now living in St. Johns, Arizona, a lovely interlude between continuing our education. We have been blessed beyond measure. Good health, loving families, precious children, and the gospel have all been ours. We live in a choice land and at a choice time and are indeed grateful for our abundant life and blessing.

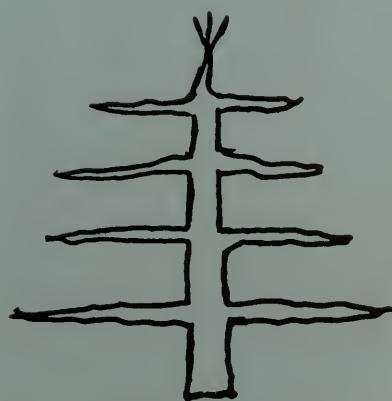
Ken and Karma Whiting

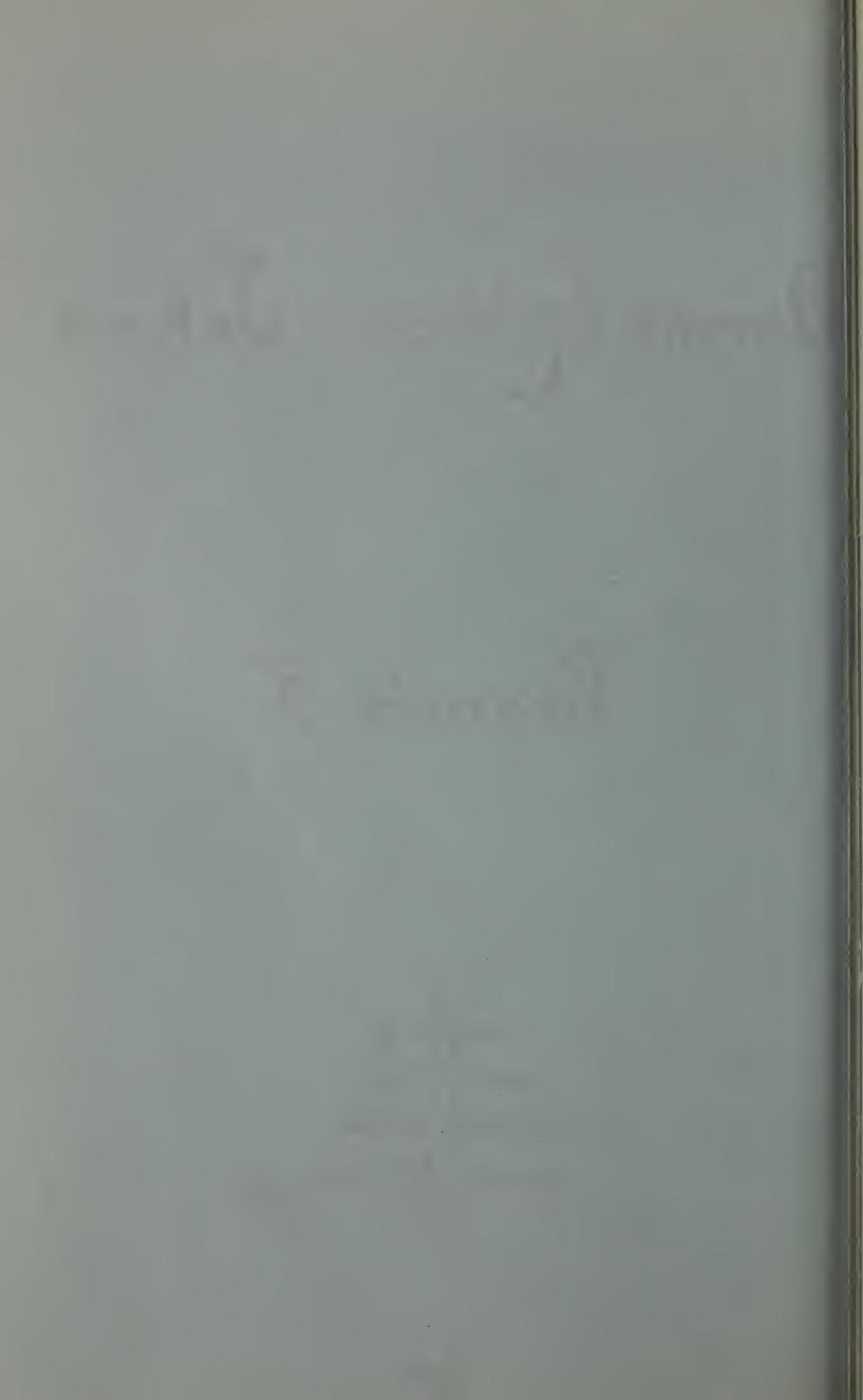
P. S. The family picture was submitted very late and includes Melanie who was born October 17, 1977.



Norma Gibbons Johns

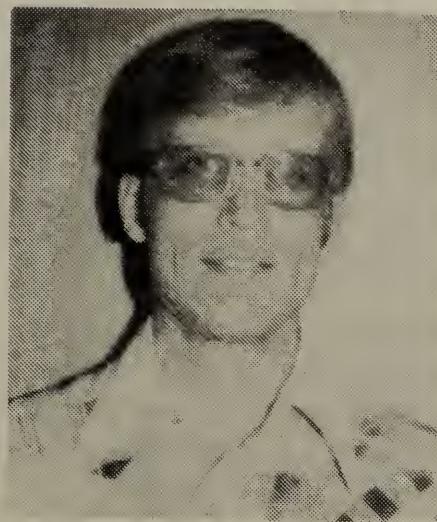
Branch 5







RICHARD S. & NORMA GIBBONS JOHNS & RICK



RICK

It has now been ten years since the 50th wedding anniversary and that wonderful gathering will live forever in our hearts and minds - to have Mom and Dad together one more year was all we were privileged to enjoy.

Dad always dressed so nice and as he lost weight, his faithful, loving companion altered all his suits, shirts and coats. Then, how lovingly she watched his diet and enjoyed many good times with him that year. On June 25, 1966, Dad passed quietly away in the Springerville Hospital. Dad's favorite scripture assures us we'll see him again - "Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

We lived in Monterey, California; Rick worked hard selling insurance. He contacted our bishop, Ardell Knight, of Knight's TV and Appliance to sell him some insurance, and Bishop Knight sold him the TV business. On August 13, 1967, Rick was sustained as bishop, replacing our kind bishop Knight who moved. Bishop Knight arranged for Rick a partner, Floyd Whipple, in the TV shop.

We moved from DelRey Oaks that was in a beautiful park to manage apartments for Garth Wilkinson, who took his family on a mission to Uruguay. One evening, Randy rented our last and most expensive apartment to a retired Col. Moore. He purchased new sheets, bedding, food and a new color TV. Two days later he left me a note informing me that he had an emergency come up and everything in his apartment belonged to me as he would not return.

We rented another apartment to a soldier leaving for Vietnam. She was from Germany.

One year she was to leave to go be with him in Hawaii. The night before her departure, negroes, chinese, slumy looking characters knocked on our door asking for her apartment number. So, Rick wrote an eviction notice and we were glad to be rid of her.

Mom came out on New Year's Eve and we had such a good time and one of our tenants, Annie Rios, a devout Catholic, was our best friend. We got on very friendly terms and she made me a nativity scene (ceramics) and Mom some pieces and mugs, catsup dishes, etc.

Jackie graduated after MIA activities, church organist and visits to the Carmel Beach with Helen's, Jack's, Kate's, and her Aunt Velle's families and Claudia, her fun cousin. Our families went to the Santa Cruz Beach. Surprisingly, for nothing more than lack of a name, we'll call him Tod (Clod?), we knew him and he took a shine to Claudia. They rode in a cage pumping the cage high and since it took effort the boy told Claudia he had just had an operation and couldn't help breaking wind. Claudia was glad to get away from him and out of the stinky cage. We loved all of our family visits. Helen's boys Sean and Mike helped us load many a wheelbarrow full of sand to fill out the retaining wall. Frannie and Cheryl loved the drive near Pebble Beach as we took pictures, Kathy and Scott came too and they loved the lodge in Pebble Beach where John and Jackie Kennedy had their honeymoon.

During 1964, Jackie graduated from Monterey High. It was a hectic year for her trying to find her niche in life. She wanted to go to a college with interior decorating courses. Since Chicago was so far away she decided to go to BYU for a year. During the summer she and I with several LDS members went into the straw-

berry fields and worked for \$2.00 per hour. It was hot and we broke our backs bending over. She went to BYU that fall and was glad Kathy and Scott lived there. They let her date drive their car on formal dances. She dated Jeff Platt from St. Johns and had good times. For Hallowe'en, she dressed as a hobo and killed the love look in his eyes Steve Udall took her out but remained only friends. After a year Jackie came home and decided college wasn't for her and she decided to take a beauty course there in Monterey. (See History of the Gayle Smith Family).

Ricky, our next, graduated from Monterey Bay High School with a group of boys (highest scholastically) and they had many enjoyable times together. He and Randy were good buddies playing jokes on each other, sneaking our of the front large window in their bedrooms, and going to the drive-in nearby to eat chicken-in-a-basket. At the big dance festival in San Jose, Ricky and three other Scouts (pant legs in boots) wore white gloves and wore aluminum shiny helmets as they present colors (flags to begin the festival. He also entered a quartet in MIA and won a plaque. He played basketball for a local merchant and won a plaque. I believe his most learning experience came when his father, who was his barber, decided Ricky could cut Randy's hair and vice versa. But when they cut other other's sideburns off, Rick firmly insisted they cut their own. Ricky became an expert and Randy was his best customer. Ruth Ashley moved into town and Ricky took a shine to her. However, he soon received a call to the Brazilian Mission and he would learn Portugese at BYU for three months. While he was gone, Ruth didn't want the soldiers from Fort Ord to bother her so she asked Rick if he minded if she bought a ring and said it was from him. Rick said

Yes - (It cooled feelings quick!) He was relieved when she found someone else. After two successful years, he came back to enter BYU. He met a cute girl - Sarah Stringham - from Canada and she fell immediately in love with him. Then he understood - when her boyfriend from Canada came down - he looked just like him. He went four years at BYU working part-time at Vending Machines and when he had Randy come up, both worked there. He and Randy lived one summer at Riviera Apartments. Randy and Ricky learned one fact from Bob Larson. There's no good deals. Ricky was in his senior year majoring in Zoology and when he was in the lab pouring benzene out of a beaker when the flame nearby blew it up and his face and hands were burned. But thank Heavens, he was admitted to the Emergency Room and Rick and the doctor administered to him and he had no scars, but the school was afraid we were going to sue the college, since there was real negligence in the laboratory. Many prayers and a trip by his mother to Salt Lake City to have his name put on the prayer roll brought him out of the hospital in a week. He spent the summer working for Bekins Van Lines in Monterey and after we moved to Provo, he worked in Orem, laid carpet and worked at Mountain Steel. When school came around, he was given a scholarship in optometry in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In six months my brother, Dr. Max Gibbons from Holbrook, Arizona, had gotten him a transfer to Fullerton, California Optometry School and he has had three years there. He is happily looking forward to next year when he graduates as Dr. Richard S. Johns and our long, fun struggle will be ended.

Back to Rick and I - He was Bishop and I was Relief Society Secretary and apartment manager, so with the Knight's TV and Appli-
ance business, we hardly saw each other.

Kathy and Jackie were with us on June 25, 1966, when the sad news came that Dad had died of a heart attack. He was the most cheerful, the grandest father in this world and we were so saddened. Our experience through the sensitive actions of our dog, Tina, we know Dad must have been permitted to see us before he died, cause we knew something was wrong the way she looked up into our faces and ran into each room looking at us. Death is cruel with its agony of separation, and Mom was to know this very well. Also, dear Velle went through the same thing and she has great depths of feelings and she, Kate and Jack were able to bring daily joys to her life. And, of course, Max, Jo and Helen who lived in Holbrook and Winslow. I'll take Mom any way I can get her, so it was our privilege to have her in our home before her cataract operations on both eyes which were performed by a specialist. She was a model patient, always obeying the doctors and nurses. Even when the nurse gave her a laxative and later a sleeping pill - she was the model of cleanliness and always looked like a queen in the hospital. I've always been so proud of her and we had many good times together. The bonus of having Mom is that now we get the family letters, phone calls, and Bob came from Venezuela.

When Rick and I were alone there in our lovely large home in DelRey Oaks, near Fort Ord Army Base, our ward was very transient. One case Bishop Johns encountered was a Stake Patriarch Brown from Sacramento, who informed him his 18 year old daughter, Ruth had come to Fort Ord with Rose and Al Smith. Rose was the instigator as Ruth's lover-- Rose was a new bride to Al. It was a stick affair, but Rick eventually brought the case to a head and forced Al to make the right decisions after trying to take an overdose of sleeping pills. Another little old deformed lady Sister Jones who had a

body and legs no longer than 24 inches in size, and her face was very elongated. She went everywhere on her wheel chair. She never missed the handicapped activities and her home teachers found it hard to even get an appointment with her. She got deathly ill, even though she was always in constant pain, and at the County Hospital she wanted to die and had even tried to drown herself in the sink, since it was the only desperate move she could make. Her visiting teacher, Sandi, wanted the bishop to go over, but there were other serious cases of sickness he was attending to with his counselors and he told me to take Sandi and go see her. We went to Salinas where the County Hospital was and there lay this little tiny piece of humanity. They had to perform a tracheotomy and she lay there gasping for breath. She had been in this condition for two weeks. All the love I possessed welled up in me and I lovingly put my hands on her and knelt in her private stall with her visiting teacher and plead with the Lord to change her status and if it was his will, that she might get well again. The next morning, she died peacefully.

I had the privilege of going to Richland, Washington, and Provo, Utah, to welcome 1st John Chad Barney - what a sweet one - and Ricky and Randy loved to think of their little nephew. Two years later here came Rex Clair Barney to Provo, Utah. Now, he was dark and had a cowlick in his front hair line, and Chad was a tow head. They came with Kathy to stay with us a couple of months while Scott finished getting his Dr.'s degree in chemistry and Randy went to his first summer session at BYU. Chad and I were going to the cleaners and it was early. We had to put 5¢ in the machine to get little pieces of candy. He was three years old. As we drove away I said, "Chad, give Grandma some candy." He said, very

indignantly, "Well, Grandma, how do you ask? So I had to meekly say "Please" and he gave me some. Rex was a sweet one even though it was dangerous for his father when he tried to weigh him without a diaper on. Two and a half years later here came Dana Kay--little and feminine. I took Rick with me to Richland, Washington, to take care of the Big boys while I cared for Kathy and Dana. Two years later here comes another sweet little miss Laura Dawn. We had moved to Provo to be near all our school kids and all the brother and sisters and Mom were at our home. Kathy was overdue and had her hands in casts. All my little nephews and nieces prayed that night along with us all that Kathy could have the baby. The next morning I got a call that Laura Dawn was born, and I left immediately with Kathy's stake president, who was at conference. As we arrived at 1 a.m., Scott was doubly glad to see me as his Mom, Myrtle, had just died, but had heard of the birth of Laura Dawn before she slipped into a coma. I played football and Hide and Seek with the boys and little Dana Kay watched us. I got a neighbor to take us to the hospital to bring Kathy home, since Scott was still at his Mom's funeral.

Back to Provo, we lived nine months in a big home that had a basement apartment where Jackie, Gary, and Alissa, their three-year-old daughter lived. Jackie worked as a beautician while Gary got his Master's degree in Mechanical Engineering. Alissa was a cute talker and with her lisp she told me about maxis and minis. When she was three she told me she was born with a frown on her face. She got sick and urped on the rug--the next day she said, "Is that where I got hit by the accident?" Jackie and Gary welcomed a little blonde Miss Heidi Lynn and they took a job at China Lake, California. Randy and Peg finished school while in our little knotty pine home. They

had welcomed a little Miss Jennifer Jo and she brought so much joy into our lives. On a Thanksgiving at 750 East all our family came home and we had such family fun. I have a sock that gets filled by dubious means (would you believe taking one-half the change Rick puts out of his pockets on the dresser). He thinks it is a gyp, when he has the same change the next night and I take one-half of it. Through this little account, we were able to have fathers of our grandchildren make ant farms for Chad, Rex and Alissa. This curiosity for ant life led our grandchildren straight to the World Books and opened a new vista to them.

From summer heat to the first snow around Thanksgiving time, we thanked our Heavenly Father for the goodness of Family, Friends, and Relatives. Our choice aunts and uncles, our lovely friends, Aunt Ann, Uncle Lan, George, Ez Sterling and all are so choice and play a part in our lives during this ten year span of history. My mother kept us always close and interested in each other with our letters and visits. We had another honor and privilege to have Mom come here for a very serious hip socket operation. Through all the operation and the therapy afterward, there was no complaint from this noble woman. I marveled at her ability in her sickest hour and having received a death notice of a friend or townsman from St. Johns, to immediately send them a card of solace and comfort. The depth of feeling she had for acquaintances was so great, so just think how fortunate her own children were to have her care for each of us. She and I grew closer--if that were possible--and we had many laughs, especially when in the hospital one day. She told me they had given her a pain pill before retiring. About 3:00 a.m. she started to get out of bed to call me to come and get her. The nurse tried to calm her and Mom informed her

that they had treated her the least cordial because they made a lie on a sheep skin just like her father had sheared many years ago. With that, Mom slung it across the room. "And, furthermore," she said, "just look at the window fittings--they haven't been cleaned since Adam was a boy." She told me the windows just looked terrible, so that was Mom's dealings with pain killers. Her last words to me after the operation was that if her other hip got bad, just let it be as she didn't want to go through this again. Jackie, Gary and Alissa all lived in Orem and loved the visits of Mom, and Napa and St. Johns families; Randy and Peg loved it, too.

About four months ago, President James E. Mangum was put in as Stake President - Apostle Delbert L. Stapley and Patriarch Ellred G. Smith asked Pres. Mangum to make a list of the counselors he desired. He wrote 4 names and as he handed the list to Apostle Stapley, who asked orally who were his counselors, he said LaMar Mortensen and Richard S. Johns. Apostle Stapley looked at the list and said Richard's name isn't on the list. President Mangum looked as shocked as Apostle Stapley and said, "I know". We had only lived in the Stake one year, so we feel like the Lord needs Rick's brand of organization and testimony. So, he was set apart as 2nd Counselor in the Orem West Stake. I served a year as Homemaking leader and now I help my husband and serve as a Visiting Teacher Supervisor.

We love this book to stay near all of you and I will leave room for my married children.

Norma Gibbons Johns



SCOTT & MARY CATHERINE JOHNS BARNEY



REX



CRAIG



DANA



CHAD



LAURA

February 28, 1963, we were married at the home of Myrtle and Clarence Barney, Nampa, Idaho. On March 29, 1964, we were married for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. We lived in Provo struggling to get Scott through graduate school in the field of Inorganic Chemistry. On the 1st of December, 1965, I quit my job as Hollywoo Beauty receptionist as our first child, Chad John Barney was due in six weeks. Chad arrived December 13, 1965, just in time for Christmas. With all of our children, Mom gave of her services while I was busy-ing babying. In spring of 1966, we were still in school but moving to the basement apartment down the street at Mom's old home at 683 North 7th West. There we lived when Rex Clair Barney was born on September 9, 1967. He came in with the blackest hair while Chad was blond. We continued to live there until Scott was able to go to work for Atlantic Richfield Hanford Company in Richland, Washington. October, 1969, we pack our belongings and headed for Boise, Idaho. Scott wasn't finished writing his dissertation for his Ph.D., but the company agreed to let him work as he finished it. Our finances were shot as we had gotten the only government loan they'd give us. We stayed over-night to visit Scott's relatives and headed north to Richland. It was a disappointing sight at first with the black rock and sage brush surrounding the huge Columbia River gorge, but it was a job and we were glad of it. We stayed three nights in the Bali Hi Motel looking for a place to rent. It was hot even in October. We found a corner lot home on the shelter belt. Now the shelter belt is protection against the great winds that come whistling down the canyon. Most towns in this area have shelter belts to protect the windy sides.

After living there six months, we moved down the street to 650 Cotton Wood Drive on a street with no children to play with.

Deercots, owners, wanted to sell the house to us but we didn't want to, as we had remodeled it in our mind, so there weren't many new homes to buy at that time, so we bought a home on McMurray on the north end of town. We moved into the house in August, 1968, and it was hot and dusty with no lawns and dust blowing all around us. The boys would come in with mud rings around their eyes, mouth, nose and ear holes. We got the builder's tractor and leveled both yards and got grass in late September. At that time there wasn't a tree for blocks and the wind blew so hard we couldn't see the neighbors' houses through all the dust. The boys had a ball in all the dirt. On July 8, 1970, we had Dana Kay arrive at our home. She smiled at us the first day we brought her home from the hospital. She was frail looking where the boys had been plump. When she was six weeks old Rex had to have a hernia operation, and Chad got the mumps and passed it down to each kid. We spent the summer nurse maiding. 1970 was the second time we trekked over to the Washington Coast line and we fell in love with the long beach peninsula and found reasonable places we could afford to stay.

Scott was changed from the Gospel Doctrine teacher in the 4th Ward to the Sunday School Superintendent 2nd Counselor. I was a primary teacher at the time and the time flew by. Myrtle, Scott's mother, was getting worse with her cancer. She had taken her dead daughter, Mavis's 3 children to raise. The first part of 1971, the doctors told her to find places for the children as she didn't have long to live. Janice and Hyrum Moon, Scott's sister, took the two girls while the boy, Mark, went to the father's side of the family. We went down as often as possible to see her. I was expecting our fourth baby by the time she got real bad. In 1971, Mom, Dad and Ricky and

Randy came out here for Christmas. We had a very enjoyable time at Christmas, playing football in the sun. We hardly had to wear coats outside. We had a nice time putting puzzles together, eating turkey and watching football. Laura was due at our house in September, 1972, but went over into October. It seemed as though Myrtle hung on to life and seemed to know we had a girl Laura; as Myrtle died the day after her birth, October 8, 1972. She was a gifted, gentle woman who left a large void, especially for her husband, Clarence. He was so unhappy we planned a trip with him February, 1973, to Los Angeles as Scott had to give a paper. We spent two weeks there with him.

On one trip with him - it was during the gas shortage. He worried for fear we didn't have enough gas, so he put two tanks (40 gallon capacity) on his camper and since he was pulling a boat, decided to put 40 gallons on the boat. Scott rode with him and Kathy drove their car with the children. As Scott drove along, a tourist drove up beside him and yelled, "You're on fire!" Scott thought he said, "You have a flat tire." Bless that tourist. He went a way and got worried that Scott had misunderstood him, turned around and came back. This time Scott understood him, and they stopped but it was too late to save the camper with Clarence's \$400.00 in cash and \$400.00 in travelers checks. They had to hurry and try to unhook the boat before it blew up. They were not visible as they were lying down working hard when Kathy and the children came up over the hill. You can imagine the horror of this scene as Kathy couldn't see anyone around. However, they were able to unhook the boat and drag it away. Despite their efforts, the boat did blow up away from all of them, not endangering life.

This is one of these marvelous blessings that come into the life of your family because everyone was preserved at this time and we thank a kind, wise Heavenly Father thus far in our lives.

P.S. from Norma Gibbons Johns

In May, 1975, Scott promised to take Kathy to Hawaii as Scott would be there at the expense of the Chemical Society to present his paper on his research. She would be allowed to go if she lost weight. She lost 21 lbs. and he rushed down and made reservations. They had two weeks, visiting all the islands and there was a car at their disposal on each island.

Upon their return, Randall had decided to come up and look for a job. He loves Kathy and Scott and their children, and they rejoiced when he found an electronic job working for Exxon Company. Thanks to Scott and Kathy, Peg and Jenny came up and joined Randall. Our whole family was able to be together at the Barney's for Christmas, 1975. We are so thankful to them - We started our family organization - Kathy announced she would welcome a new little member to the family in March or April. What joy and happiness we are all enjoying. Randall and Peg will buy a mobile home this month.



GARYL & JACQUELYNN LEE JOHNS SMITH
Alissa & Heidi

Howdy do; my name is Jacquelynn Lee Johns Smith, the second daughter of Norma Gibbons and Richard Springer Johns.

We'll omit a lot of the kid stuff and get right down to the business at hand... that of our family history from 1965 - 1975.

Upon graduating from Monterey High School in 1964, I was "feeling my Cheerios" and wanted to venture out into the world like a baby bird taking its first flight from the nest.

I was very intent on a career in interior decorating.

A specialized school sounded great to me, but I got some pretty strong "Y" vibes - from Mom and Dad.

So away I went to see what B.Y.U. had to offer. (Not any boys, I thought). I was right; I didn't meet my mate there, as was hoped by the folks at home. But I certainly met some young men who were very influential in their own rights: Basket ball player John Fairchild (a B.Y.U. great); Virgil Carter (B.Y.U. star quarterback, who led the Cougars to W.A.C. championship in '64-'65; and non other than Johnny Miller who came over to our house several times with his roommate, Greg (a Catholic from San Francisco, whom Johnny was trying to convert.)

As summer approached, I decided to find some field I could specialize in and try to earn some money to help ease my parents' financial situation. So I enrolled in Monterey Beauty College, and continued dating around.

After playing the field for another year, I was beginning to get battle fatigue and decided it was time for Mr. Right to make his appearance.

I had prayed fervently on a particular Saturday night for someone to come along.

Well, I didn't realize prayers could be answered so soon! The next morning was Stake Conference and as I was somewhat discouraged with the way things had been going, I noticed right away that the sun wasn't shining. I chose a very unflattering dress to wear; and worse of all, my hair needed shampooing. With three strikes against me, I had almost given up hope of meeting anyone at all.

After the first session, I was headed for the door and a handsome young fellow had planted himself right by the door, so it would've been impossible not to acknowledge each other or say something. (He looked like the Athlete of the Year, wearing a dark blazer and school ring). So I ventured a question, "How's the Y"?

And that - my friends - was the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

A gorgeous temple marriage was performed on Friday, January 13, 1967, by Fontleroy Hunsaker in the Salt Lake Temple. I was now Mrs. Gary Duane Smith.

After a lovely, catered reception in American Fork, and a less formal reception in Seaside, California, we were to embark on a 3-year honeymoon in the Orient, courtesy of Uncle Sam.

(Special recognition goes to my dear grandmother, Mary H. Gibbons, who helped my mother make the beautiful three-tiered wedding cake for our reception in Seaside. We were honored to have her there with us.)

Yokota Air Base, Japan, was Gary's first assignment after completing training in Texas, Washington and Monterey, Calif. (Defense Language Institute)

Gary left first to find suitable housing for us.

So, after bidding him good-bye, I worked for two months, hoping he would hurry and find us a home. We were very fortunate to have my air fare to Japan in hand, thanks to

all who attended our California reception.
(Would you believe to the exact penny?)

I boarded the Japan Airlines plan in San Francisco, and after eating my way through an 18 hour flight, I set foot on Japanese soil at Haneida Airport in Tokyo. There I was greeted by Gary, who took me to our first home (called a paddy house).

I found a manually lit water heater and one space heater to heat the whole house; the hardest things to get use to, but look upon them now with fond memories.

A few months later, I discovered to my complete surprise (and Gary's) that we would soon be parents.

Our new baby, Alissa Dannette Smith, arrived on December 8, 1967, at Tachikawa Air Base, Japan, and was a real joy to us. I felt she was a very special blessing at that time, as Gary was gone a lot to Korea a good portion of our stay and she brought me many happy hours.

Three years went by so quickly and before realizing it, it was time for us to leave Japan.

We boarded the plane at Yokota Air Terminal and said goodbye to our little paddy house, to head to American Fork, Utah, and continued studies (for Gary) at B.Y.U. We found a cozy red brick home to rent and snuggled in for the winter. The town was ideal to live in and we really liked our ward and all the people; but the trips to Provo for school and work proved too much a drain on us. So after asking around, we found a 3-bedroom basement apartment in Orem for \$125.00 a month.

This home was cozier than our others and we stayed there for 3½ years.

The spring of 1974 brought some long-anticipated events; the arrival of our second baby (girl) - Heidi Lynn on April 30th AND Gary's graduation from the "Y" with a Master's degree in Mechanical Engineering (a

five year course).

The Naval Weapons Center, at China Lake, California has a fellowship program with B.Y.U. Engineering Department, and they sent a recruiter to the "Y" to get people to work at Naval Weapons Center.

Gary had made several trips to China Lake and was favorably impressed with the climate, locale and especially good working conditions.

After checking out three other jobs, he decided to work in China Lake.

So that brings us up to the present.

We're finally out of school, but the possibility of going back for another degree might materialize in a few more years.

Gary is presently a Government Service Employee on the Research Staff. One of their up and coming projects is a subterranean structure; which would conserve 80% on fuel and energy consumption.

We belong to the Ridgecrest Ward. Gary is serving as Assistant Ward Clerk, home teacher, and Athletic Director and I'm trying my hand at Laurel Advisor.

Alissa is 7 and in first grade at Vieweg School, taking ballet on the side.

Heidi is on the verge of walking and will be one year old in April (1975).

We make frequent trips to Utah to be with our lovely families who live in Utah Valley. (My folks in Orem, Gary's in American Fork.)

We dearly miss our brothers and sisters on both sides and hope some day it will be possible to live closer to some of them, too.



RANDALL, PEGGY & JENNIFER JO JOHNS

Back we go to the youngest of the Johns children. Randall attended Monterey High School. He, Sheldon Coleman and Larry Schatzer decided to cut school and go to Sheldon's grandpa's ranch. They cut across fields, got shot at, barbed wire fences tore up their clothes and they were bushed and called me to pick them up. When I saw them outside of Monterey, their eye lashes were white with dust and they were so tired they had received their punishment.

He played basketball and got his name in the papers. He met a little girl from Diablo College and when Christmas came, he bought her a \$40.00 sweater, skirt and tam with a cute tassel on it, but that did it. Randy worked too hard and that cooled his desire to drive his old Cheve over to Walnut Creek (near Oakland, California). He worked hard selling shoes at M.B.S. and when he attended Monterey Peninsula College he decided since it was such a liberal college allowing kids to smoke pot in school he sold his car to attend summer school in BYU. About that time, while he was at BYU, he met Sue Bowden from Reno. Randy left soon on a mission to the Indiana-Michigan Mission. He labored in Shelbyville and the Mission President sent him to the mission home to put out the mission magazine. We were glad to have him home in Provo. When he returned, it was shortly after, he met his one and only, Peggy Ann Haws. His engagement was too cute not to let the Press in on it, so he gave Peg an ice pick and told her to "pick" out her ring in a 50 lb block of ice.

President Glen Clark, president of the Provo Temple, married them and during the ceremony sang "Little Things Mean a Lot", and it has prevailed throughout their married life. Peggy is a lovely little mother and wife. She has sewn a corduroy suit, and polyester pants for Randy, given

birth to our darling little granddaughter, Jennifer Jo Johns, and we love her for the happy home she has even though they are in Prescott, Arizona now. (P. S. He's in Washington taking an electronic job)

F L A S H B A C K

Mormon Youth Hold Convention

Approximately 750 young Alabamans, Georgians and South Carolinans between the ages of 12 and 26 arrived in Atlanta Friday for a three-day Mormon Youth Conference at the Dinkler Plaza.

The theme of the conference is "Who is My Neighbor?" Richard S. Johns, mission superintendent for the group, announced.

Saturday's activities include a breakfast for those who have done special service for the church and have been awarded the Master Men and the Golden Gleaner Award, a speech competition and the Gold and Green Ball and Banquet in the evening.

Special meetings for men and women will precede the general session set for 10 a.m. Sunday morning. Elder Franklin D. Richards, assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve, of Salt Lake City, Utah, will deliver the main address at the meeting.

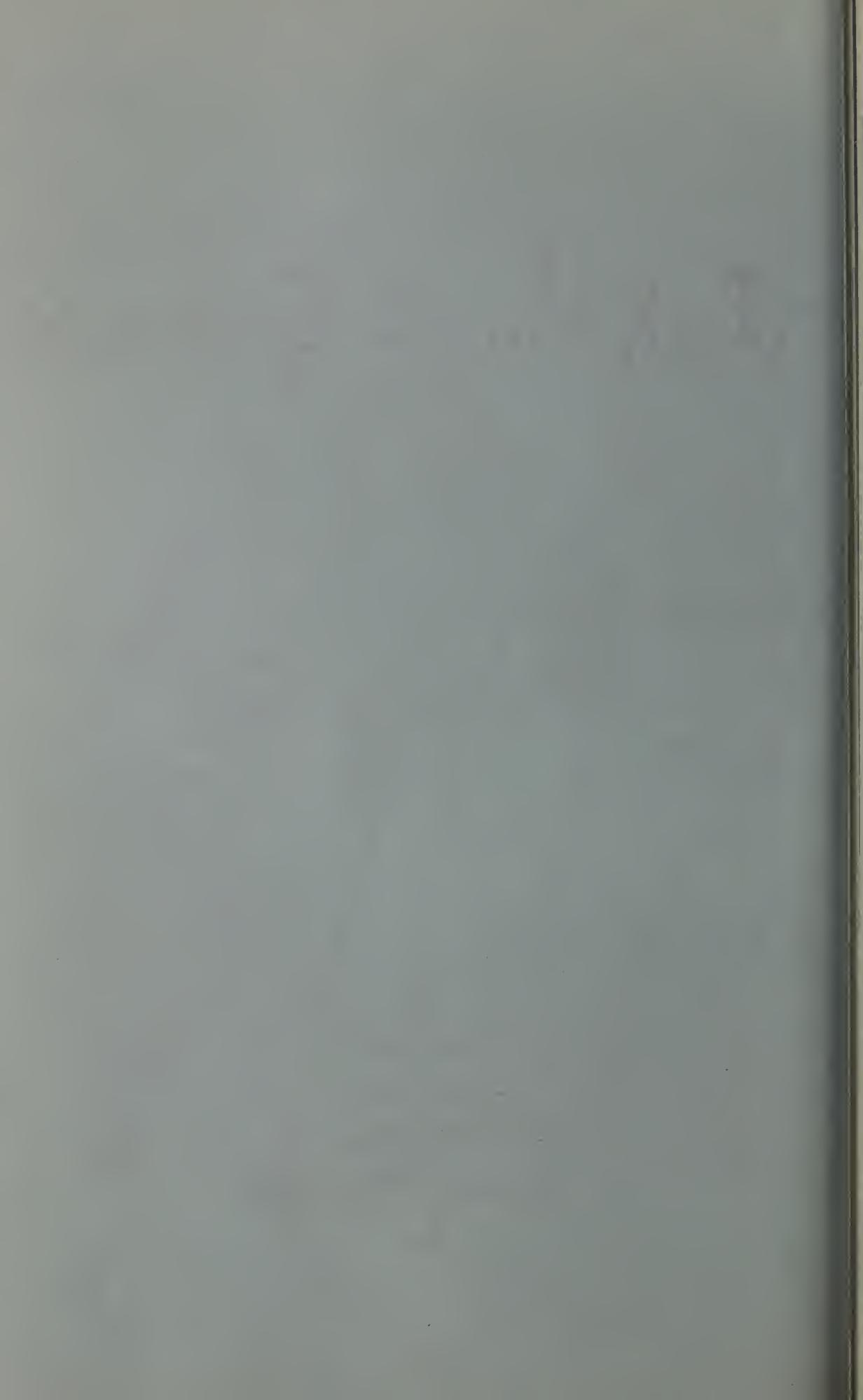
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Jack Vinson Gibbons

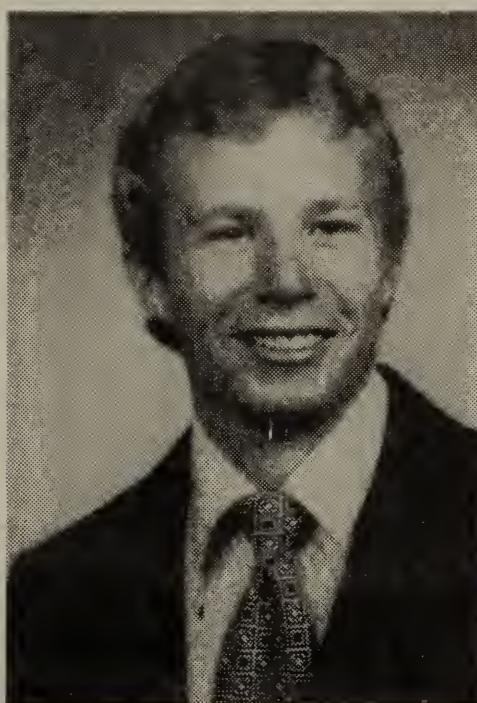
Branch 6







Jack, Della, Candace, & Brett Gibbons



Vince Gibbons

Only ten years have passed and yet so much has happened to the Jack Vinson Gibbons, Sr. family. They have been happy, fruitful years, but also sad. We lost our beloved Grandpa and Grandma Gibbons, and Grandpa Davis. We still have Grandma Davis and she is a joy to us. There will always be the loss in our hearts for them. We wish they were here with us so our children could know them. These last ten years have probably been the most involved years of our lives because of the ages of our four children.

J - Stands for Jack. Full of sports and games. Like Gramps, with Vince and Brett just like them! What great golf games they have.

His church activities have been many. He was Stake Mission President and is now President of the Seventies Quorum. Our live have been filled with young missionaries in our home. Before this he was Stake Mutual Activity Counselor for six years. Also, always teaching many classes. This is what he likes most.

His civic activities are many, also. He ended his career as a school board member of fifteen years, and as President of the Rotary Club. He is now on the City Council and is Vice President of Concho Valley Country Club.

His dental practice has always gone well and last year he, with his brother Max and two nephews, Howard and Vinson Lee, built a clinic in St. Johns. He still has the office in Springerville and works very hard. Work to Jack is what it was to Mom Gibbons. He loves it! We love and respect him for it and also for being the husband and father he is. We have a motto for him; "He works too hard - plays too hard - fights too hard - and sleeps too hard...but that is our Jack."

D - Stands for Deller Doll.

That is what her husband calls her and of course it pleases her. When she bore him five children, she didn't realize what a mother really was until she had teenagers! In her estimation, that is where the real challenge of being a mother is, and there are still three left. They are exciting to have around.

She also loves the work and activity of the Church. She was Stake Activity Counselor in the Mutual with her husband. This meant being in charge of seven Stake Gold and Green Balls, Parent and Youth Productions, etc. Hundreds of hours were spent and the close association with the youth of the Church was a great blessing. She was then put in as President of the Primary, which was a wonderful experience. Next, back in the A.P.Y.W. as President. She is now a teacher of the 2nd year Laurel girls again, because that is what she loves the most.

She has also been active in civic work and politics, a 4-H Leader for many years, President of the P. T. A., President of the Republican Women's Party and Apache County Co-Chairman for the Republican Party. Her home and family mean everything. This has been the most important calling of all. One time when she was rushing to a P.T.A. function, she felt worried about leaving the children and asked Candace if she felt badly about having to tend her younger sister and brothers. Candace's answer was, "No, I'm so glad you are popular, Mommy."

C - Stands for Candy Cane.

Candace is now twenty two and a happily married wife. Ten years can bring so much! Her graduation from Elementary, High School, and College. Then a beautiful temple marriage to a returned missionary from Hong Kong,

Robert Lester Greer. A girl, especially one like Candace, couldn't have crowded more living and fun into these years. She was a cheer leader from 7th grade through High School. She is the only cheer leader in the history of St. Johns High School who had a technical foul called on her!

She was an "A" student and was inducted into the Honor Society. In her freshman and sophomore years, she received the typing and home economics Service Awards. She also played a piano solo at Regional and went on to play it for State.

As a Junior, she was named "Outstanding Junior Girl" by the University of Arizona. This was also the year of her Prom and she was voted Prom Queen with her best friend Nanette Stradling. She won the Oratorical Contest and went on to place second in the Region. She also made All-State Choir both the Junior and Senior years.

Her Senior year she was voted Homecoming Princess. She played another piano solo for the Music Festival and again went on to State to receive a gold medal. Graduation came all too soon. Honor Day was special and she received many nice honors. The English Award, Democracy Award, Oratorical Award, Scholarship and Indian Head Awards. She was Salutatorian and gave an excellent talk graduation night. Most exciting of all was receiving the "Baird Scholarship" from the University of Arizona. She also played a piano solo at Honor Day.

Candace was active in all the Church musicals and dance programs. She was organist for the Sunday School and Mutual. She loved dancing and was called to be the Stake Dance Youth Director. She was in the last All-Church Dance Festival held in Salt Lake. Her picture was in the Salt Lake Tribune, taken by a reporter when hundreds of young people were practicing on the field.

Candace was involved in the art of dating all through her school days. Starting with Kindergarten, it was Jimmy Heap. Then Nick Patterson played an important older man when she was in 6th and 7th grades. She first dated Robert Greer her sophomore year. When he left for college the next year, she dated the "football star", Marshall Lambson, which meant trouble with Robert. It was a stormy time, but Robert, being the strong person he is, left for his mission to Hong Kong. Candy always said she would never marry anyone but a returned missionary. She dated Craig Patterson her senior year and her freshman year in college. Even received a promise ring from him, but began to panic thinking about Robert. So she returned the ring and transferred to N.A.U. where she started her Dental Hygiene program. Robert returned from his mission in August of '73, and she was waiting at the airport!

They both attended N.A.U. that year and became engaged in November. The next semester Robert was chosen to work in the legislature in Phoenix. The little yellow Volkswagen did quite a bit of traveling on the weekends.

Then preparations began for the wedding. Many shopping trips to Phoenix which were such fun for Candace and her mother. A beautiful wedding dress was found at Diamonds and there a bridal portrait was taken of Candace. This was the gift she took to her groom. It is lovely and something to pass on to their grandchildren.

Nearly all the families, both on the Gibbons and Davis side, traveled to Utah where Candace and Robert were married in the Provo Temple on June 1, 1974, for all time and eternity.

V - Stands for "Rooter"

That's different but true. His famous nick name throughout his basketball career. You could hear the crowd yell "Shoot 'er Rooter".

Vince was only nine when the last family history was written and now is a young man of nineteen. He has always had plenty going his way, in friends and sports. All the hunting and camping trips .. out to the ranch with Grandpa Davis and most of all shooting baskets in our back yard court with him. We'll never forget when Grandpa Gibbons died Vince wouldn't leave Grandma's side.

He always had a lot of cute sayings. He and Candace had their giggles and their battles, but were always loyal to each other.

When Laurette was born, he was a very jealous little boy, but it wasn't long before he accepted her and it became a special love.

Friends were many to Vince, but he had his three close friends, Scott Raban, Brad Collings and Dendy Grant. Then his two special cousins, Gary Davis and Eddie Whiting. They had good times together and 8th grade graduation was here too fast. Vince was fifth in his class scholastically and has always been a good student. He just didn't like the studying part, like most boys that age.

High school days began. His freshman year he lettered in football, basketball and track. He was high point man on the freshman team.

Vince also like the girls but his favorite has been Roxie Merrill. It was odd but he only took her to one prom. They would be apart every year in April - a spat - and so Eileen Heap was his date to all the other proms.

He was also active in music and was first trombone from the 7th grade through his senior year. He was selected for the

Madrigal Choir and all the honor bands.

In his sophomore year, he was put on varsity basketball, and it was exciting for him. Our team took State Championship and so he played in the Coliseum in the final big game. The sports announcer liked him and his fame began that year.

During this time he was in the dance band. He also took guitar lessons and later played the guitar in another band. Just amateurs but fun.

Vince's junior year was the big one! St. Johns basketball team was one of the best ever. A great season and Vince had something special that year with his cousin, Gary. Before each game Gary would come by the house and they would listen to a "good luck" tape. They also had something "extra special" on the basketball court together. Vince played beautiful ball and his fame grew more. They took State Championship that year also.

He was selected by the faculty to attend Boy's State at the end of the Junior year. This was an experience and honor for him. He had to miss the boys' super activity trip in the church, but has always been in the church activities. He has been president and counselor in the quorums, and was first counselor in his last year as an ensign. They always talked him into the dance festivals and 24th of July programs.

Vince's senior year came all too fast. He was elected Student Body Vice-President and also President of the Letterman's Club. The basketball team was again great, but there were some troubles among players. They still had a good season and went to State, but lost the first game there. Vince still made All-State like he did the year before. His big love has always been basketball. His honors in this field are:

All State - Junior and Senior
All Conference - Junior and Senior
Arizona Prep Player of the Year - Junior
Arizona Prep Outstanding Junior
Silhouette Award
Basketball Award from St. Johns High
Arizona All Star Team

Graduation Time. How fast they come! Honor Day first and receiving the basketball award, a scholarship award, Indianhead award, Boys' State award and Student Government pin. Vince had been voted by his class to give the history on Graduation night. He approached it from a humorous view and the talk was a hit.

Summertime with all the fun and then to Mesa Community College. He went out for basketball and was one of sixteen to make the team. At the end of the year, he was recommended for the Men's Honorary.

He is now on the B.Y.U. Semester Study Abroad Program in Israel. It is a great experience and opportunity for him. His letters tell of the many exciting things they are doing and seeing. In his last letter, he said that he was glad to be there and he knew it was right for him to be there at this time.

L stands for "Laws"

Laurette started kindergarten exactly ten years ago. The school year of '76 just started and she is a sophomore. She is a sweet happy person and enjoys everything in church, school and play. She especially enjoys the phone and there would be no way to count the number of calls! She is really lucky to have so many cousins her age and then all the friends. Our home has been a gathering place for all of them and they do have fun. She loves parties and also slumber parties in the back yard.

Although she and Candace are six and a half years apart in age, they are as close as possible for sisters to be.

Laurette's class is one of those "extra extra" classes. A great group of kids. She has always had a "neat" boy friend through grade school. Like David Day or Curtis Lambson. Then the most important one, Tommy Anderson, in 8th grade and freshman year. The 8th grade year was the best for activities. She was elected "head Cheerleader" and played on the baseball and basketball teams. There was an inter-scholastic music festival held and she played a flute solo and also sang a solo. Then their trip to the Legislature in Phoenix was great and graduation was upon them. Laurette was named Valedictorian of the class. She looked so pretty that night and gave an excellent talk. Also at Honor Day that morning she played a piano solo. This solo "Impromptu" is unique in our family. It is a difficult nine page solo and Della played this at her 8th grade graduation in 1941. Then Candace played it at hers in 1969, and Laurette in 1976. It's one of those extra nice things in a family.

After graduation a fun summer and also getting experience working for her Dad.

The freshman year began. Tryouts for Cheerleader and she was again elected head cheerleader. Also social manager of her class. It was a great year to remember - and a lot of Tommy, but finally her Dad's ultimatum at the end of the school year.. "no steadies". That was hard on them, but a nice honor happened about then to make that time a little bit happier. She was inducted into the Honor Society.

Her cousins Helen and Kim Benson spend a lot of time here in the summers. They are very close. Her cousin, Carolyn Davis, is her best friend and also Jodi Raban is

a good friend.

Concerning her church activities, she was organist of the A.P.Y.W. last year and also assistant teacher in the primary. She has now been called to be organist for the Junior Primary. She was also a counselor in the A.P.Y.W. and a secretary.

A goal will soon be reached. She will apply for her driver's permit. Watch out everyone - here comes the "Laws".

B stands for "Bebe"

Brett was born big and at thirteen he is a big handsome guy! He is a carbon copy of Grandpa Gibbons in his love for life and always has something going! When he was small he loved going in the pickup with Grandpa Davis. He wanted to climb hills all the time and so they climbed many together. When Grandpa died he was especially thoughtful to Grandma Davis and would take her gifts and spent many nights with her. He has a great capacity for companionship and conversation.

He was due to be born on Laurette's birthday, but came a week early. By the time he was two, he was strong enough to be a little "Toughie." His sisters spoiled him and all he had to do was point at whatever he wanted.

A few years ago he earned half the money to buy a go-cart. He has a talent for mechanics and he and his friends had hours of fun with this go-cart. His best friend is Dwain Moore, a neighborhood boy and Brett is always generous with whatever he has. He likes putting the tent up in the back yard and having the neighborhood boys and cousin Kent Bradburn sleep and eat all the goodies they can.

He had a very special pet called "Ralph the Crow". He and Robert found a nest and brought the crow home to nest in our back

yard tree. It was an experience for the whole family and neighborhood. Ralph was almost human in his actions and Brett took good care of him.

Another of his talents is making movies. He is writer, producer and cameraman. He made Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid with many boys in the cast. His next movie is to be Frankenstein. He has written the script and typed it very neatly.

One of Brett's greatest achievements is his magic. He is known as the "Magic Man". He has spent many hours studying and practicing. He put his act on at the Gibbons and Hatch Reunions this year.

Last year in the 7th grade he did well in school and seemed to grow up all of a sudden. He was high point man on the 7th grade basketball team and also played football. He also played Little League basketball and made the "All Star Team."

Now he is a big 8th grader!

During these ten years we have had so much. We built a cabin at Pinetop Country Club. It was fun and such a pretty cabin with four levels. Some of our best times were there. Playing golf and the many games together. Making candy, and all the good things to enjoy. The Gibbons, Davis families and friends and enjoying it with them. One of our favorite games was turning out all the lights and Jack hiding. The kids trying to find him, but scared when they did. You never heard such screaming and laughing. We had our dog Queenie and she was the cabin dog. She stayed with us nine years, but we sold the cabin before she died. We have regretted the decision, but then life is full of decisions - some right, some wrong.

A most wonderful experience happened to Jack and Della last April, 1976. We went to Israel with Mel and LaVelle. It will

always be a treasure in our hearts. The Holy Land is beautiful and the only place our Christ could have been. We wish to express to the Lord our thankfulness for the opportunity of seeing this land, where Jesus was born; where he walked and taught His people. To sit in the Garden Tomb and know Christ lived.

We wish to thank the Lord for our blessings and our families. Our prayer is to be together in Eternity; that we might live in love and service to our God.

HOUSE OF THE LORD HOLINESS
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY
PROVO TEMPLE



Robert & Candace Gibbons Greer

We did know each other growing up! Unfortunately it was mutual dislike at first sight..until Robert hit that magic age of 17, a senior in high school. He had been going with a certain girl who would periodically dump him when the urge hit her. So came up with this idea of making her jealous by dating a lovely sophomore...me! Slowly he realized what hidden charms I had and decided I just might work out. So I began periodically dumping him! And - It has continued on through our married life. He must be kept humble...you know how the Greeks are! :.

When Robert returned from his mission it was strongly hinted to me that diamonds were very cheap and plentiful in Hong Kong. For three long months diamonds were dangled in front of me like a carrot in front of a mule (not that I'm comparing myself to a mule or that chip of a diamond he gave me to a carrot)!..until I put my hoof down and issued an ultimatum. We were engaged immediately...November 13, 1973.

The most romantic spot in Flagstaff was picked for me to be given my ring. The flashing 31 Flavors sign illuminated the inside of the car as I opened Robert's D & C to Section 132 and out fell the ring.

We were married June 1, 1974 in the Provo Temple. It was a beautiful day for a wedding..especially because so many of our loved ones were in attendance. The day before Aunt Helen and myself both took out our endowments, which made it even more special. A special thanks to Aunt Norma and Uncle Dick who planned a St. Johns picnic for us the night before our wedding.

We flew to San Francisco for our honeymoon - thanks to the kindness of Robert's Uncle Haze and Aunt Janice. We were there a week and then flew back for the reception, thereby letting Mom Gibbons do all the work.

After all the festivities, we returned to Flagstaff to the real world of school and work. We made it through this first year by Robert working as a motel desk clerk and by living in married housing.

In May 1975, we both graduated from NAU, Robert, Magna Cum Laude in Political Science and myself in dental hygiene.

Immediately afterward, we moved to Tucson where we had purchased a small home. All we both can remember about the trip is "HEAT"!! I got a good job cleaning teeth and Robert spent the summer getting ready for law school in the fall.

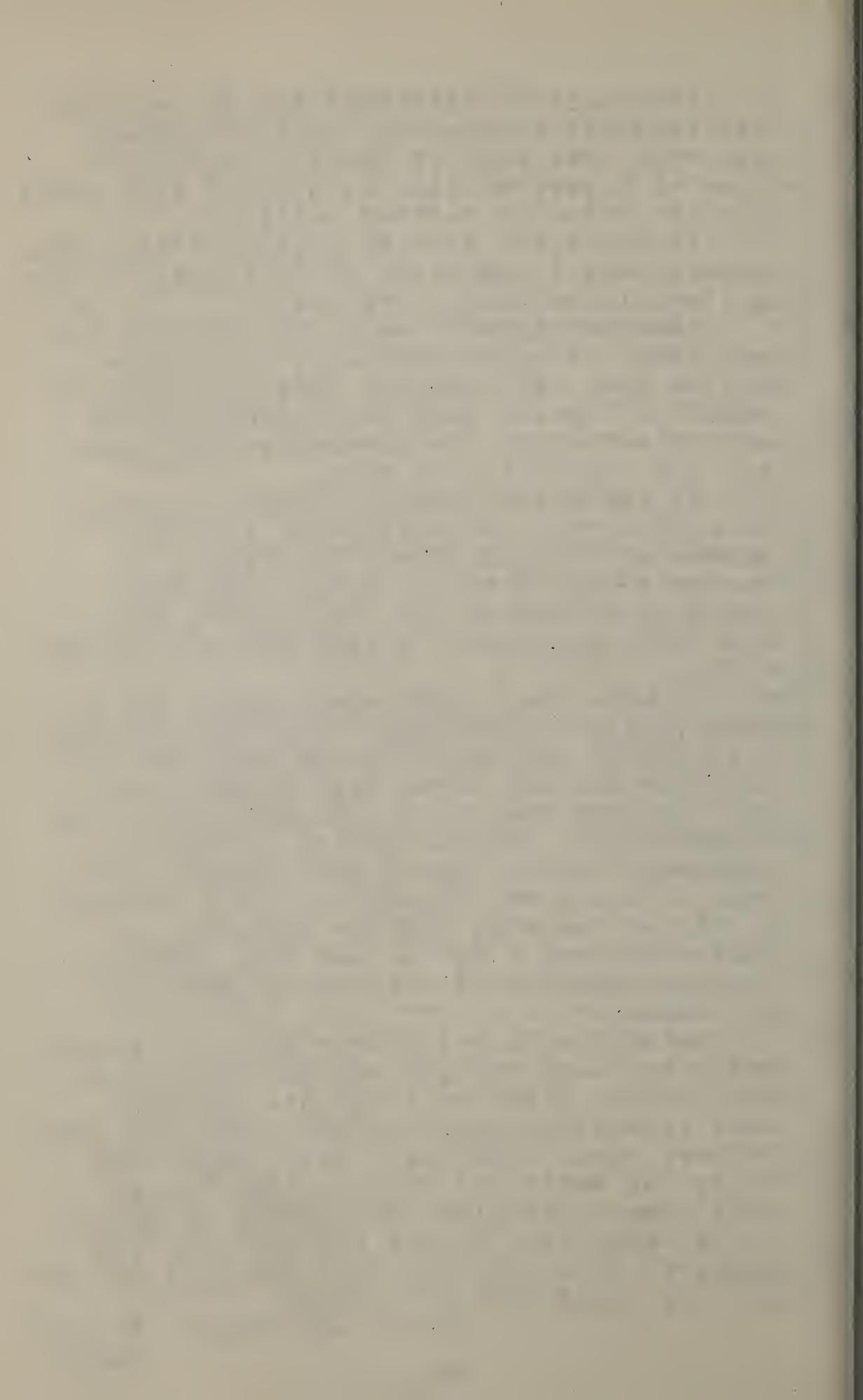
At the end of Robert's first semester he applied for a clerking job the next summer at four different law firms. He received four offers. He has now been clerking for Robertson, Molloy, Fickett and Jones for nearly a year and has learned a lot.

We have spent some money and a lot of time fixing up our home, hopefully to make a profit by selling it after law school.

Church wise, we've been holding jobs and learning from them. Robert has been a Sunday School teacher and is now second counselor in our branch presidency. I've been a chorister, social relations teacher in Relief Society, and now secretary in Relief Society. We've been very thankful for the opportunities and pray they will continue.

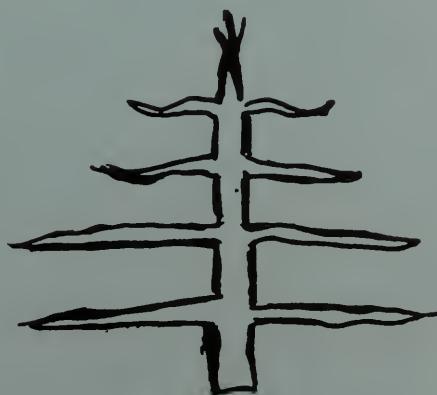
No sign of any children yet, but everything has been checked out and we're both very normal. My sweet parents complain that instead of grandchildren they get dogs. We have three dogs now. Suki, Wally and Runt. Oh well! If nothing turns up by this summer, we plan to head out to Hawaii for a vacation. Anyone who wants to tag along is more than welcome. We love you all and are proud of our heritage.

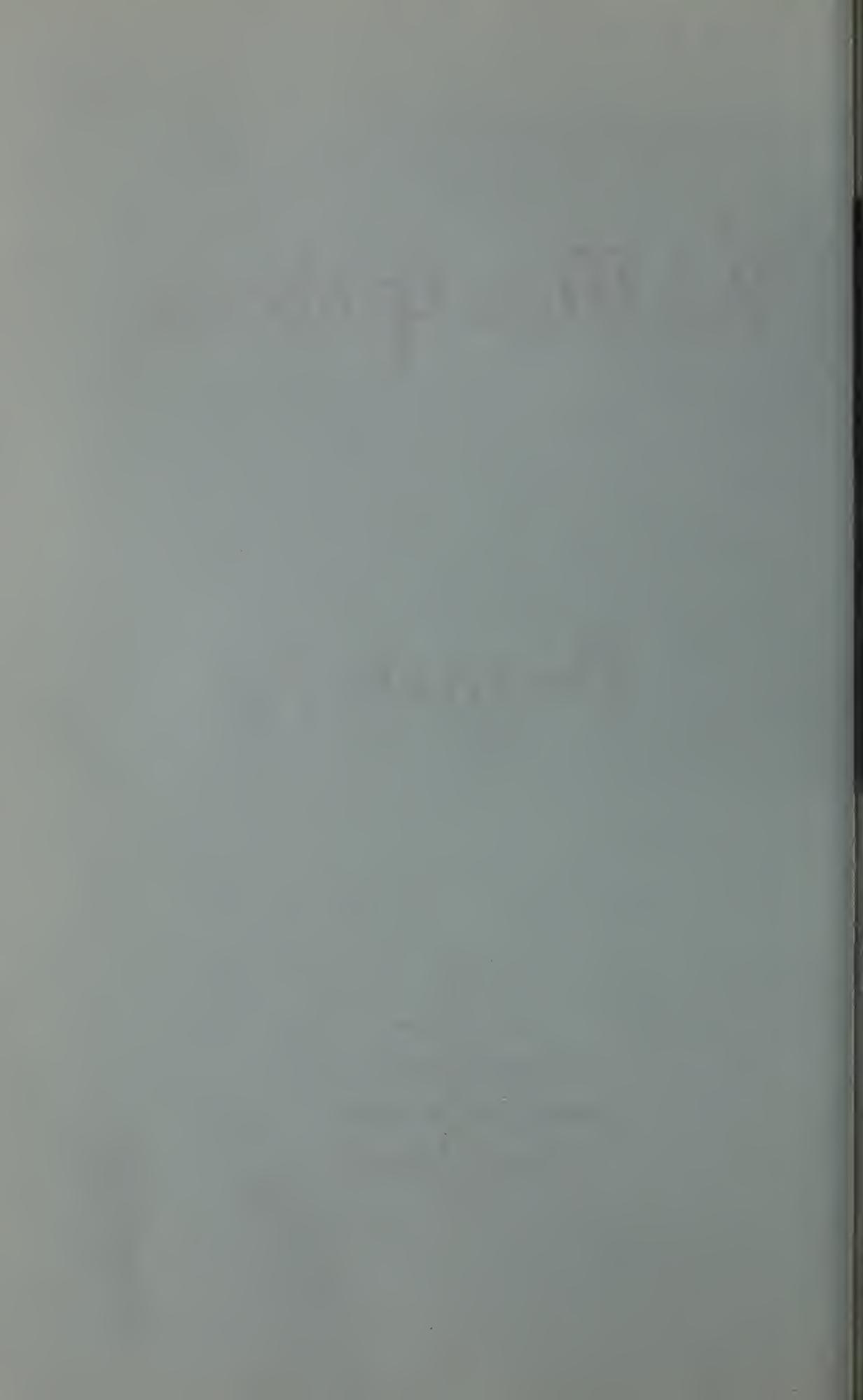
Robert and Candace Gibbons
Greer



Val Max Gibbons

Branch 7







Top row, left to right:
Debbie, Todd, Valri, Brian, Greg
Second row, left to right:
Max, Joan, Eric & Lisa Gibbons

The year 1966 was a good year and a sad year for the Holbrook Gibbons clan. Of course that was the year we lost Dad (Gramps to the grandkids). It is with much emotion that I think back on that experience. Feelings of sadness well up as I think about it; but then it causes me to change the mental picture to the good times I had with Pappy. Quite a paradox.

As the year 1966 went on, the day of August 7th rolled around and a little black headed girl made her appearance in our home. Lisa was born, but not without much apprehension. She was an instrument baby and had a difficult time breathing after delivery. Once she caught on how to live, she has live it up ever since. This new little doll made our family the champions in having kids in Dad Gibbons' family - having seven in all. All of them have inherited the Gibbons trait of wanting to have fun, playing games, fighting with each other and playing pranks on each other.

1966 continued with the constant reminder in our home that we wouldn't be getting those pleasant unexpected visits from Gramps and Grams that we were accustomed to receiving. Since Grandma couldn't drive, we made more trips to St. Johns to see her and the rest of the family who live there. We had to live with our memories of Gramps, and I well remembered one of those wonderful trips he and Grandma made to see us. After his stroke, he had to learn to read again. He wanted to demonstrate to us his newly regain skills, so he brought with him a 1st grade Dick and Jane reader. After the usual greetings, he called all the kids around him and seated them in a circle at his feet and then began to read some Dick and Jane stories. After one or two excellent stories, he continued on to his next story without any mistakes, until he read "Dick said to Jane,

"Go to Hell." Of course this shocked all the kids to their feet and they had to take a look at this different Dick and Jane story. They insisted that the book didn't say "Jane, go to hell" - but in all soberness Dad insisted that he had quoted Dick correctly. Grandma was called in immediately to rule on the quote from Dick. Of course having lived with Dad all those years, she knew a Gibbons prank right off. A good laugh was enjoyed, with Gramps still arguing with the kids about the validity of his story.

Each of his visits were of this type and nature. They left us with so much more than we had before they came. But life just keeps going on, and Dad had given us all the directions in which we should keep going.

Before we knew it, Christmas was upon us and it was the first Christmas with Lisa as well as the first one without Dad. It was also the first one with all seven of our children with us. Joan had accomplished the Christmas shopping, as she always does, in her systematic way and it assured every one of plenty of good things. I had borrowed the tradition from Dad Gibbons on the way a Christmas is to be conducted in our home. It is straight from his book on how to do it. You see, like Dad, I am the first one to go down the stairs to the living room while the rest of the family (except Mom) must stay up stairs out of sight of the contents in the living room, and wait until they are summoned by me. The kids are all lined up in order of age, except youngest first, and I inspect the things Santa left and while doing this I make verbal comments so the kids can hear but can't come down yet. The excitement builds up to such a pitch that either I have to give them the word to come down or they would start a riot. This 1966 Christmas was a good one and closed out

the year on a good note.

In 1967 I was still the Bishop of the Holbrook 2nd Ward and a member of the School Board and was trying to be a father and husband to our large family. Joan was active in church work, too, and tended the home fires in my constant absence. The kids were still small. Some were in diapers and on bottles and messes were the common daily experiences. I felt like I had been born with a diaper in my hand and that I would die with it still there. Due to this time consuming position I found myself in, I started another family tradition. Every summer we vacationed for two weeks in our nearby White Mountains, or else the beautiful Colorado mountains north of Durango. We were, and still are, fortunate to have a good friend in Pres. Jay Williams who provided us with a trailer in which to travel and camp. Always our first stop as we left on vacation was St. Johns to see Mom and the rest of the family. Usually I would do some work that needed to be done around her home, while Joan and the kids enjoyed visiting Grandma and the rest of the relatives that lived there. I can remember how content I felt while we were there with Mom; watching T.V. and all the fun that we had when Kate and Arlo, Vel and Mel, Jack and Della would all come over for a visit, too. After spending a night or two with Mom, we would continue our journey to the happy hunting grounds of vacation land. I can still taste those meals cooked over an open fire in a dutch oven. Joan is the best cook ever. We enjoyed freighter potatoes, hot biscuits, fried chicken, salad, watermelon, etc. I can still hear the sound of the water rushing down those Colorado streams at night while camped right by them. We played many of the games I played with Jack and Norma and the neighborhood kids when I was a young boy. As a family, we played Kick the

Can, Run Sheepy Run, Stink Base, Steal the Flag, Tag and many more.

Our family event that was of great importance to us was the kids' eighth birthdays. This was a special birthday party. We had a party before the baptismal service, then with all the friends in attendance, they were baptized. Then, after they were baptized, we all went home for a bite to eat and celebrated around the birthday cake. Brian was baptized in 1967.

Time passed on with family good times and family crises. The older kids became more involved in school activities, boy friends, sports, dances, MIA, Primary and just growing up. In 1968 Valri graduated from the eighth grade and then started the beginning of diplomas being handed out to our children by me. As a school board member, the honor of handing out the diploma to our own children was a must, and I had the privilege of doing this with them. I am very proud and grateful to be able to do this. Val was a beautiful graduate. She was one of the shortest graduates, but she was the cutest and prettiest that year. Many of our relatives were here with us to wish her well.

Interspersed in these years, all our sons played Little League. This unique experience is fun when you win and disappointing to coach, heart breaking to lose, and hectic to work around practices and games (especially when you would like to take a vacation) and hard to keep uniforms clean and mended. But we are proud of all four of our boys. We have shared this experience with all of them, and I am sure they have benefited by having played.

1969 brought a new special person into our lives. Just before school started that fall, we took another daughter into our home. A beautiful Navajo girl, Helen Adhidley. After a short time of us adapting to her and

her to us, she was just like our very own. It is a unique experience for a family to suddenly grow by one new member, especially when the new one is fully grown in body and has a very different cultural background from your own. We had the responsibility to set an example for her as to the way she should live and the standards by which to conduct her life. Whether we were successful or not will have to be judged by time itself. She lived with us for four years and we sent her on a Youth Mission for one summer. She is a very special girl and we love her.

1970 was the year that I was released as Bishop of the Holbrook 2nd Ward. I shed tears when I was sustained as the new Bishop and I shed them again when I was released. It was a great experience, and I am grateful I was allowed to serve the Lord in that capacity. This is the year Debbie graduated from the eighth grade, and the faithful relatives came again, to see her receive her diploma. As I remember, she didn't like her store-bought hair-do (the beauty shop did her hair), but she was, in spite of it all a very beautiful graduate. The prettiest that year. Our family movies of our graduates graduating have in them a very special person, Grandma Gibbons. We all get a big lump in our throats when she appears on the screen and cheers go up for Grandma. The value of these movies become more precious to us with every passing year.

In our family, all have the Gibbons flare for a fun filled life, but not all have the Hatch's resistance to the destructive forces that life is able to deal out to its inhabitants. For example, Todd has broken his foot twice, his left arm had a complete break of the two fore arm bones (radius and ulna), broke his shoulder bone and had a fracture of the jaw, three toes and a thumb. He has had rheumatic fever and many other injuries too numerous to

record. As for Gregg, we discovered he had very severe stomach ulcers, undetected pneumonia, some broken ribs, broken thumb, etc. I think all the rest of the kids have been fairly free from casts, but have had their share of stitches, so we Holbrook Gibbons have experienced things that we M. V. Gibbons bunch were fortunate to miss. How we managed that I'll never know! I feel at times that modern medicine was brought about solely to preserve my family. Anyway, I'm grateful it has been there when we needed it.

In 1971 Todd graduated from the 8th grade, and again I got to do my thing in handing him his diploma.

In 1972 Val graduated from high school. She was prettier than ever to us. She was the first of our children to finish all twelve grades.

The next year, 1973, Helen, our lovely Lamanite daughter, graduated from high school, and Brian graduated from 8th grade. Valri also went on a Youth Mission for 6 months in 1973. She labored in Albuquerque and Sante Fe. Debbie graduated in 1974 from high school (she was beautiful), while in 1975 Todd donned his cap and gown and finished his formal education. Gregg skipped the seventh grade, so he also graduated from Jr. High in 1975.

Can you imagine it? Not one single Holbrook Gibbons graduated in 1976! I knew it was bound to happen! Instead Eric received the Aaronic Priesthood and became a deacon. We now have Eric a deacon, Gregg a teacher, Brian a priest, and Todd an elder. Todd will leave on his mission August 28, 1976. He has been called to labor in the Utah Salt Lake City Mission and to say the least, we are humbly proud of him. We are also very proud to have Valri married to Sam Cherry. The marriage was solemnized in the Arizona Temple on August 16, 1975. They live in Winslow and they presented us with

our first grandchild on October 1, 1976. Her name is Kristi Lynn and the most beautiful baby girl ever. We are all thrilled to pieces!

As I stop this memory winging history I know that I have missed important events that will bring the statement, "I know he would forget it," but may I say to all that I love my family and the family from which I came. Thanks to all of you for having made this past ten years just a continuation of better things each year and better things to come. Thanks to the powers above that brought all of you into my life.

Lastly, thanks to the powers above for our dearest Mother who left us to go back to Dad. I am sure the first thing Dad said when they were reunited again was "Lady" as only he could say it. I guess when I received the sad news from Jack, the impact of the loss of Mom was the loss of the last touch I had with my wonderful childhood. It was the loss of that beautiful roughened hand that used to heal my childhood diseases. I can still feel that blessed hand when my body was wracked with a burning fever. It seemed to have healing powers in its touch on my forehead. How our family misses her and reveres the pleasant memories of her.

In looking into 1977, we are anticipating Debbie's marriage to Kenny Karges in the Arizona Temple and Brian's graduation from high school.

In 1986, what will our history tell of our family? May it tell of success and happiness for all of us.



Sam, Valri Gibbons & Kristi Cherry

The Cherry portion of our family tree was begun on August 16, 1975. Sam and I were married in the Arizona Temple at 9:00 A.M. Saturday morning. What a beautiful day it was and our temple wedding added greatly to the beauty of the day.

We spent the first three months of our life together in Mesa, Arizona. Sam was working for Walgreen's as the stock room manager. I'll never know how we managed on \$330.00 a month. We were living in a \$175.00 apartment. Boy, were things tight!

In November, we moved to Winslow, where Sam got a job working in the mountains. It didn't work out, so Sam started working for Coca Cola. At this time, we started buying a trailer and found out that we were expecting our first baby. How exciting it all was.

In September, 1976, Sam started working for Dad. He only got to work one day before our baby was born. On October 1, 1976, Kristi Lynn Cherry was born. The big event was begun at 3:00 A.M. and ended at 3:10 P.M. We had a beautiful 7½ lb. little girl. She has black hair and blue eyes. Oh, how we love her. She adds so much to our lives. Our Heavenly Father has certainly been generous in blessing our family.

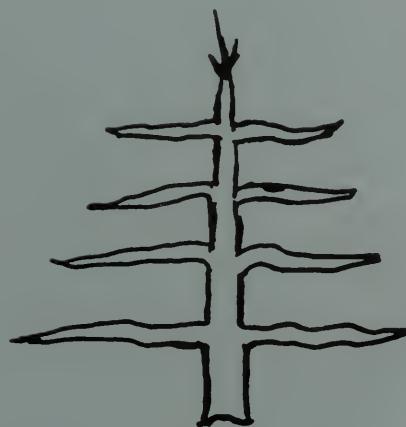
Samuel Eugene Cherry
December 22, 1953
Phoenix, Arizona

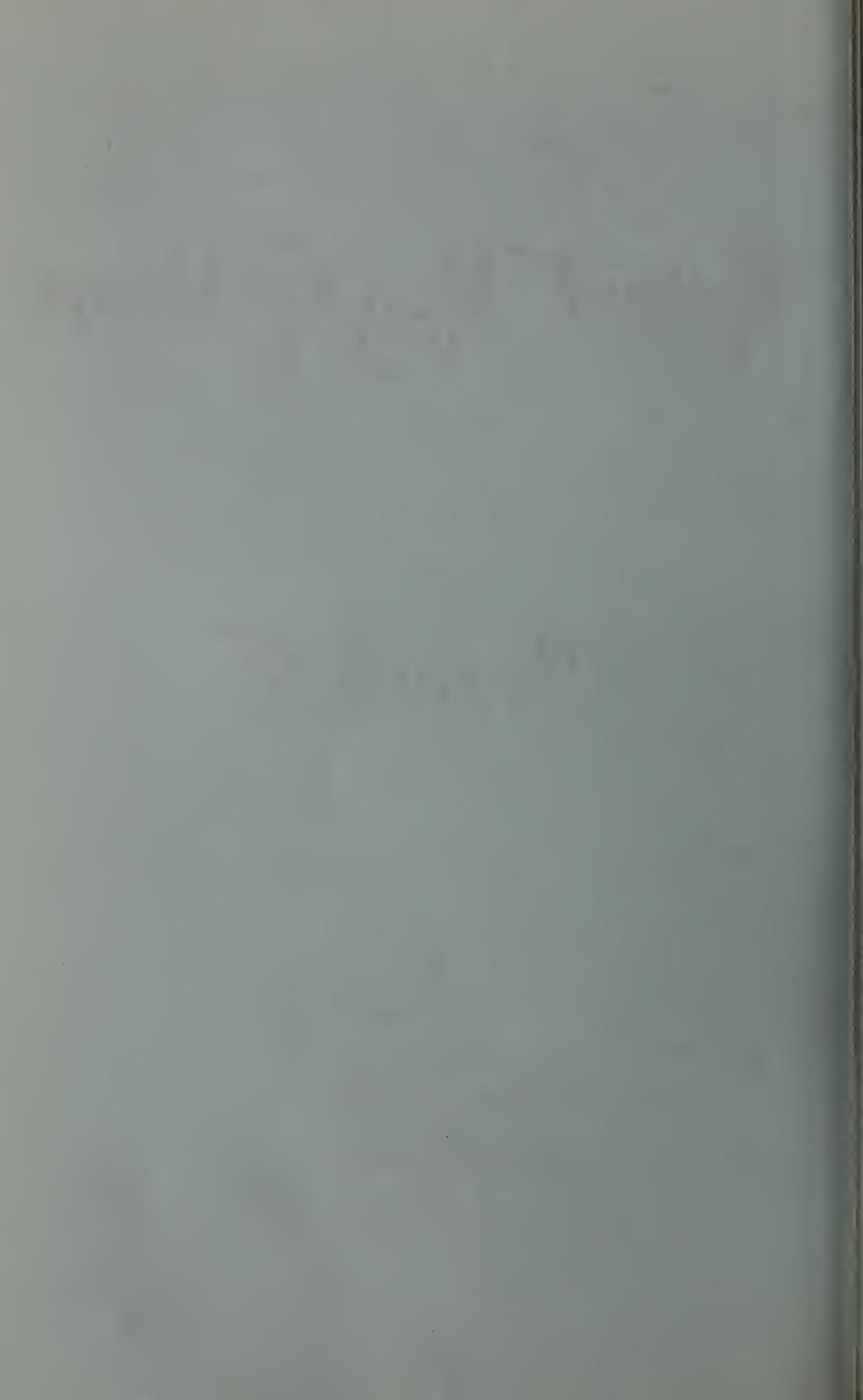
Valri Jean Gibbons Cherry
October 13, 1954
Los Angeles, California

Kristi Lynn Cherry
October 1, 1976
Holbrook, Arizona

Robert Ray Gibbons

Branch 8







Robert, Yvonne, Bryn, Michael,
Caryn, Kevin, & Chris Gibbons

THE EIGHTH BRANCH - ROBERT R. GIBBONS

During the past years our home has often changed geographic locations. Nevertheless, I feel that our real home hasn't changed at all. Actually, we have taken it right with us. The most important single item that accompanies the R. R. Gibbons family wherever it goes is a clear idea of who and what they are. Despite the years and the miles, we have always felt near to our beloved family. This has been possible, in part, because of "Young at Heart" and its basic premise. What will not be published here are the innumerable letters, cards, visits, phone calls and special thoughts that say in so many ways: "I love you and I am thinking about you." All these give irrefutable evidence that, indeed, the Marion Vinson Gibbons family is still growing: closer and younger each day.

From my vantage point of the lowest branch, may I salute you seven "upper-branchers" on the occasion of the publication of the second version of the family book. I'm sure it has already received approval from Mom and Dad. You are indeed chosen people. I'm so glad Mom "borned me to this family."

Where was I...Caracas, Veneluela... three boys..Colombia-Venezuela Mission... Oh, yes, I remember it well. Recalling Venezuela is to bring to mind a brash, bustling, modern capital, lush rain forests, colonial cities of the interior, incomparable climate, picture post card beaches and San Bernardino Hospital. Of course, San Bernardino Hospital! We may overlook the birthplace of Simon Bolivar, but certainly not that of Christopher Lynn Gibbons. He has been such a joy from the beginning, January 30, 1971, as we once again began asking ourselves: "What did we ever do with-

out him?" His curiosity is boundless and he's an ambidextrous question-slinger, firing from Spanish or English with equal ease.

Our stay in Caracas coincided with the life span of the Colombia-Venezuela Mission, as it was divided the same month we left for home leave and reassignment. Leaving our friends in Caracas was extremely difficult. It is not easy to break off such deep and meaningful contacts. We shall cherish our Venequelean memories --- and our Venezuela --- Forever.

From Caracas we travelled to New York by luxury liner. What an experience! Besides the lush interior appointments and the food, we were treated to visits to all the important ports of call in the Caribbean. I will never forget seeing Yvonne leaning over the rail, bargaining with the Haitian souvenir venders as their small dugouts bobbed alongside our liner. Home leave August and September 1971 was special. I suppose that living your life in two-year absences from family, as we do, makes the limited contacts with what is still home even more golden.

Our next advernture lay even more southward: Peru. As I write it now, I can recall the wonder of anticipating life in that fabled land, and realization proved more satisfying than the anticipation. With the U. S. Information Agency, I was assigned to Lima as the Director of the hugh Peruvian-American Cultural Center. The job was to absorb my attention and time for the next three years. I have never faced such a professional challenge. During this time, our boys got their foundation in the Spanish language and feelings for all men as their brothers. We travelled the length and breadth of the country, from the barren coastal plains to the wind-swept highlands and from the dense jungle to the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. Yvonne served in various

ward positions there and I was called as a councilor in the Lima Stake Presidency. The spiritual experience gained and the thrill of seeing the growth of those humble, wonderful people added immeasurably to our lives. The close personal bonds forged there will live long after this life.

Being a musical family, we decided we had a brash quartet and it was time for a "would-win" solo. And so, on November 22, 1972, our family orchestration became complete. There is an old saying in Spanish: "No hay quinto malo." (The fifth one is never a disappointment.) How wonderfully true. While the Spanish are talking about bulls at the corrida, I'm referring to Caryn Michelle Gibbons. I am told that the first child born to Mary H. and Marion V. Gibbons, a girl, was called "Little Blessing". It seems somehow fitting that the last of their grandchildren, also a little blonde, should deserve the name. Indeed, she is a blessing to our home.

Michael and Bryn had a chance to see how their cousins went about learning the three "Rs" during the fall semester of 1973. It was their first educational experience in the States. They loved every minute of it. During home leave that year, Yvonne and I attended General Conference for the first time in a number of years. Our hearts swelled into our throats as we felt the unaccustomed strength of being surrounded by the members of the Church in the presence of our leaders.

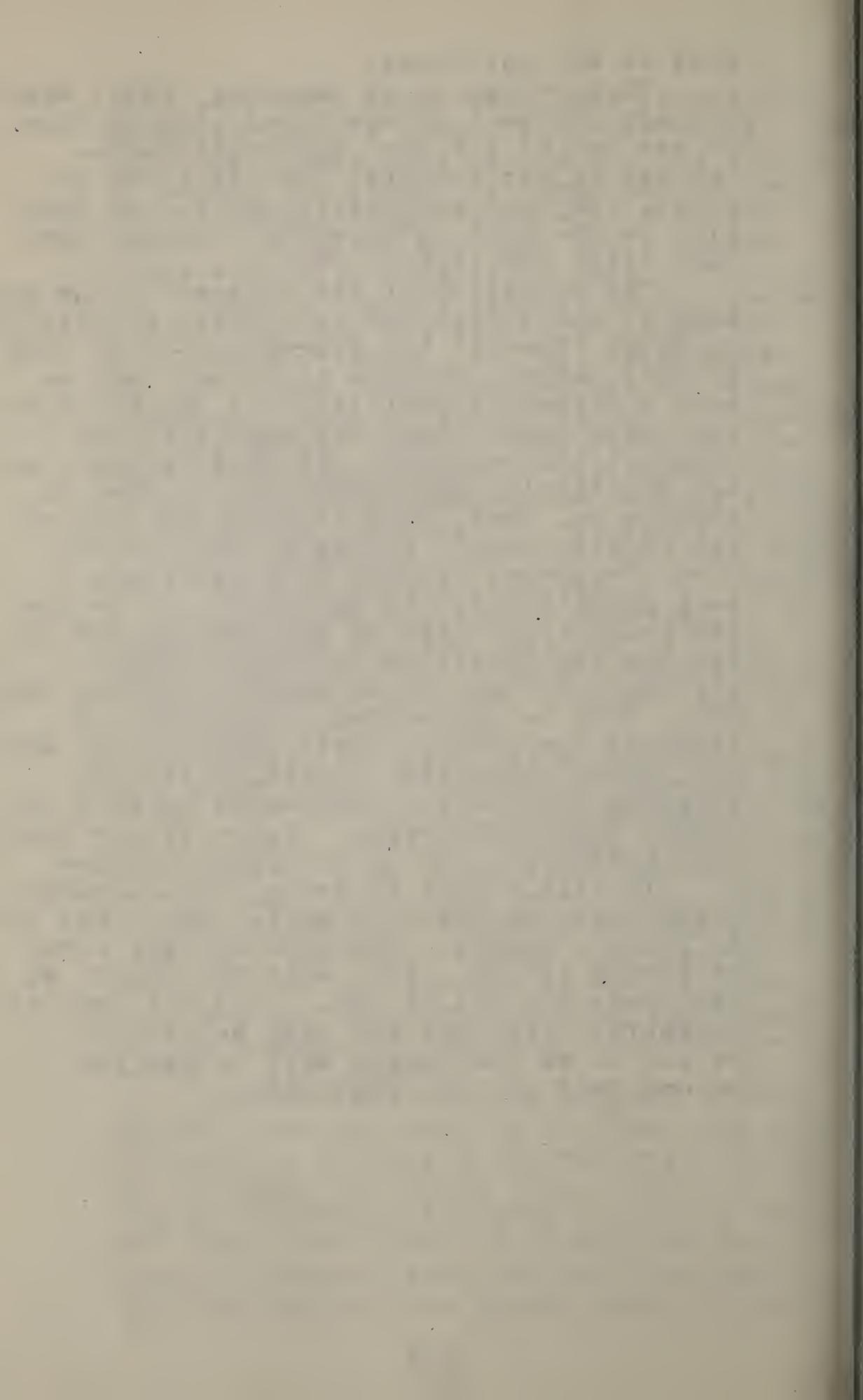
Yvonne's parents and younger sister, Chanda, came to visit us in Lima, and had a chance to prove all the wonderful things we had told them about Peru. They left as converts. What a blessing the Mills family has been in my life. With Mom and Dad gone, Yvonne's parents have become as my own. They are indeed fine people and a force for

good in all our lives.

That brings us to December, 1975, when we bade farewell to our loved ones in Peru. It was one of the most difficult leave-takings in our history. We had grown so close. We left our hearts there, but took with us the most outstanding Peruvian product since the Incas: CMG!

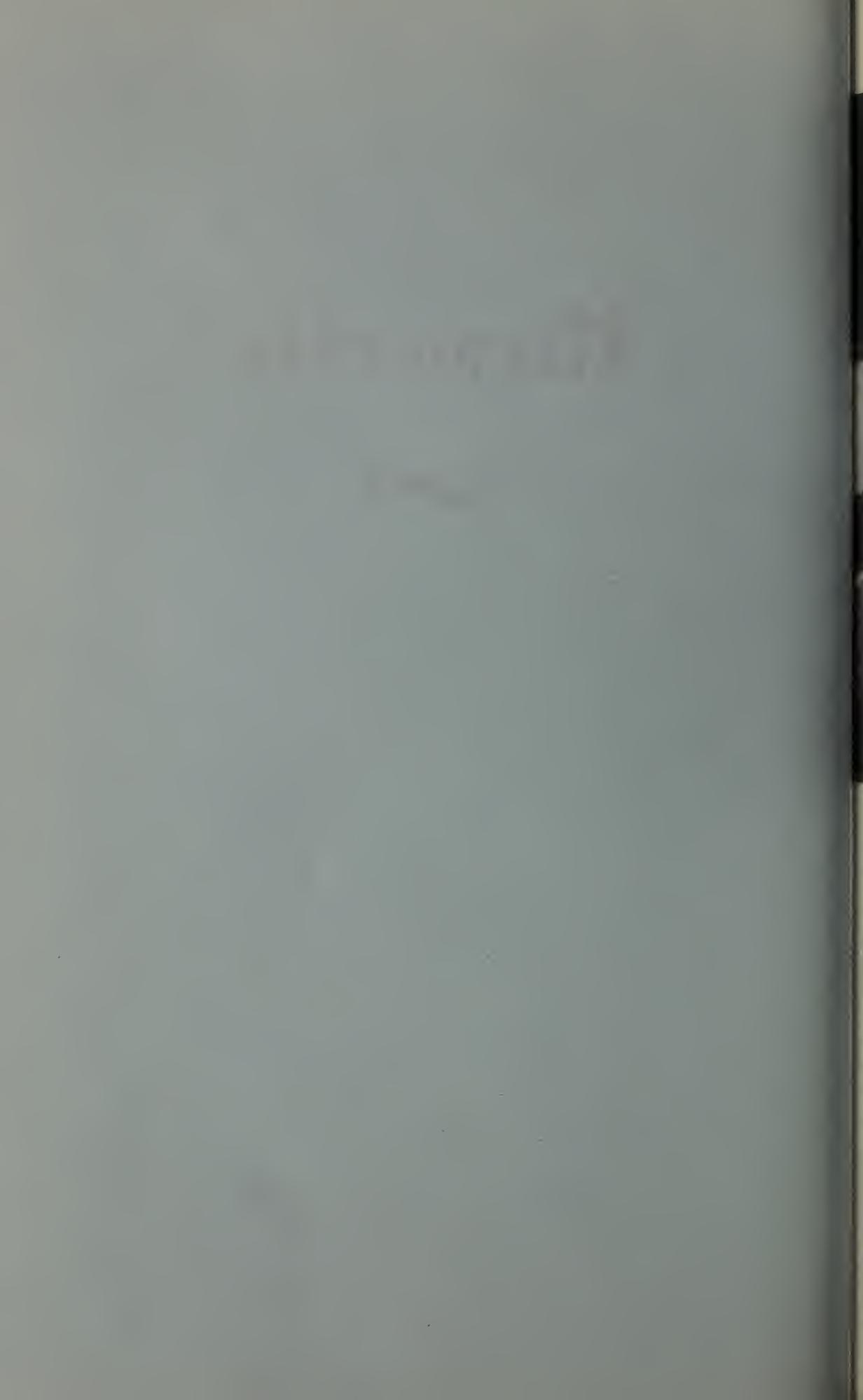
The narration of the odessey to our new home in Montevideo and the trials of setting up house there is too depressing to go into at this point. Suffice it to say that we have a deeper appreciation for Job and hope that some improvement was made with our sorely tried patience. At this writing, we are relatively comfortable in our home on Avenida Dr. Soca, only five blocks from my old mission home. We are working in the ward, Yvonne as Primary President, and I am a councilor in the Bishopric. I am now the Cultural Attache of the Embassy and enjoy the opportunities this assignment affords. Michael is an active, growing deacon. Bryn is surrounded by friends and studying the piano. Kevin loves school and the school loves him. Chris is finally learning English and impressing us with insights beyond his years. Caryn is our jewel, our "blessing", the neighborhood charmer.

If life begins at forty, I am a rather precocious one-year-old while Yvonne has yet to light a candle. But candles have a way of coming around. But, what the heck? We are ready for all of 'em. Life has been so wonderful, the Lord has been so good to us and so we can hardly wait to see the second half of the production.



Memories







MOM and her girls, Helen, Katy, LaVelle, and Norma on Mom's 80th birthday.

The following letter from Bobby Gibbons to his brothers and sisters and their families is, I feel, a masterpiece. It has humor, nostalgia, love and real Americana - and is masterfully composed. It seems to capture the very spirit and essence of the Gibbons Family in their growing up years. It is reproduced without his knowledge or permission - but as one of the lucky in-laws and typist of this book, I claim this privilege to preserve for posterity this genuine "heirloom" and work of art.

Leona Keene Gibbons

Montevideo, Uruguay
May 20, 1976

Dear Family:

I am at my desk for the first time in a week or so after having successfully overcome one of the most virulent flu attacks on record. Most people would have taken at least three days to get back on their feet, but by superhuman effort I licked the thing in seven. Anyway, during the more delirious moments, I penned the following. Please overlook errors and blame them on my physical condition at the moment.

Some third basemen are famous for making what is known as "the long throw." That is to take the ball deep behind third base and throw out the runner at first. I have some reputation around these parts as being one of the most accomplished in making what is known as "the long shout." No mean trick, the L.S. begins in the master bedroom, sails downstairs over the noise of the TV and nails an unrepentant ball-bouncer in mid thud. The L.S. usually begins with "How many times..." and ends with some allusion to the "unpteenth and last time." Expert opinion differs on the effectiveness of "the long shout." So do I, but if only to assuage some inner, missirected feeling that effectiveness and volume of instructions given exist in a direct proportion, the L.S. is a well-used item of this hapless parent's arsenal. (Heaven only knows what the genetic fluke was that bestowed this gift upon me. Mom and Dad were never proponents of the art. As a matter of fact, the softer Dad's voice, the more ominous. How many upshags have come hard on the heels of a dulcet-toned entreaty and a disarming smile?)

Last evening I was all set to apply the L.S. in an attempt to break up one of the endless games my boys love so well. For some

reason I held my tongue and listened. (It is a proven fact that you can learn more about your kids by listening to them at play than you can by listening to them at Sunday School.) The ancient formula was still holding: a ball, two or more kids, complicated yet purposely ambiguous rules and some sort of playing surface, preferably within grating earshot of a parent. Kevin, in obvious preparation for a life at the bar, was documenting his case by citing a precedent set down only the day before. Bryn held firm that his undisputed shout of "Everythings!" had automatically suspended all previous dispositions. Mike, never known as a silent third-party, was evidently contemplating direct intervention in this exchange which was keeping him on the sideline. Yes, the time-honored elements of "the game" were still valid. The players have different names, but it's still a re-run of that magic period "when I was a boy". Then I thought it would be a shame, and an impossibility as well, to break up a process begun so many years before. "What the heck," I mused, "they come from a long and illustrious line of darn good game players."

I sighed, deciding to save my special talents for a more propitious time and turned back to my unbalanced bank book with a thought that came so naturally to mind at a time like that, "Those devilish kids! Bless the soul of them!" What a chain reaction that thought set off in my mind: blessing the soul of devilish kids and games go so naturally together. I had begun thinking of the modern practitioners of the art and had wound up at the fountain of it all. Thanks to Mom and Dad games became a way of life at our house. Nothing was so important that it couldn't wait for "one last time." And nothing was so serious that a rousing game of something-or-other

couldn't fix things up. For example, Christmas time was that season when the kids barely had time to unwrap their new jimgcracks before the adults had them organized into a two-league, best-of-seven-play-off championship with all the drama of a Superbowl. Or what do you say about a normally well-organized housewife that will permit the dismanteling of her front room to hold the latest round of a game called Gogalabonkin? The list is interminable, but would give you some idea of a family that has to have some sort of game going on. Each one of us can relive the joy of being involved in one of Dad's new games! He was the world's greatest inventor of games and could sell them with unequalled enthusiasm. Mom, the lady of the no-no voice and the yes-yes eyes, was the best sport of all and enjoyed the fun. Of course she had to go through the indispensable preamble of untying her apron and shower a few "You devilish kids!" upon us. I even suspect that she really did enjoy Dad's "conceited laugh."

But the apron and the laugh left us one day and the family faced the task of settling their affairs. I, for one, faced the ordeal with a heavy heart. The meeting we held in Mom's front room was a revelation to me. The handling of the necessary business was done so efficiently and so graciously that I will always be grateful to you seven. But then it came time for those items that had been so close to Mom and Dad, items of their daily living. How in the world were we ever to go about that? How would we? How did we? Just like my kids and your kids, Mom and Dad's kids solved it with the magic MV formula and the "The Goodies and the Baddies" game was born. It had all the necessary intricate procedures, the do's and the don'ts and then that old feeling came once again..the Gibbons kids

were just playing one of their ol' games.

I have no doubt whatsoever that the eternal record will show that on that day, Marion V. Gibbons, presently assigned to the section supervising correct temple procedures, actually made the hallowed halls ring with not one but several choruses of "A Mormon Padre." At the same time, in the new arrival section, Mary H. Gibbons smiled timidly, straightened her hair and her new robes while repeating, "Those devilish kids." Then, she dropped her head and looked at her lovely, unlined hands, those hands that had spared no effort in raising eight children, those hands that had shared in countless games.

"One more, Lady. There's just enough time before we have to go back to school!"

Mom Gibbons had a little book where she seemed to record a lot of important things...things like her financial information and accounts. She mixed in a few diary-like entries and these are some excerpts:

Mother's Day, May 11, 1969: On this day my children started payments on my home.

She listed the date and amount each child paid and also the check number. At the bottom of the first page, she put... Thank you, my dear children.

(By way of explanation, it should be said that the only way Mom would accept any kind of financial help from her eight children after Dad died, was for the money received to be counted as payment for the home she lived in. At her death, each child was to be repaid - from the sale of the house - all the money thus contributed, before the remaining money from the sale was divided share and share alike).

- Page 2. Thank you, my children, you are all so good to me. Aug, 1969.
- Page 3. You have kept the wolf from my door..I thank each of you. Dec, 1969
- Page 4. Thanks, you are the best people in the world. May 1970.
- Page 5. Thanks..may the Lord bless each one of you for your goodness to me. Oct. 1970.
- Page 6. I love you and am so proud of you. Feb. 1971.
- Page 7. I hope that your children will be as good to you as you have been to me. Thanks. June 1971.
- Page 8. It's been a happy year for me. Thanks to all. Nov. 1971.

Page 9. May your children always be as good to you as each of you has been to me. April 1972.

Page 10. I love my hutch. It is a beautiful Christmas present. Thank you. Sept. 1973.

Page 11. You are the greatest. January 1973.

Page 12. I pray your children will be as nice to you in your old age as you have been to me. Nov. 1973.

Page 13. See to find peace and happiness. They are beyond price. They are the greatest pearls of the world.

This was her last message and is wasn't dated.

All the family sorrowed - and laughed - along with Dad after his stroke at some of his attempts at speech - and the words which came unbidden. We also rejoiced, along with Mom, at his progress.

The following letter to Bob and Yvonne is an example. How the familiar handwriting, so welcomed in the weekly letters, tugs at the heart...

* * * * *

Following that letter are some pages reproduced from the back portion of a travel diary which Mom kept of their European trip. It was discovered some time after Mom's death, and tells in her own heartfelt words of Dad's death.

Dear Bobby and Yvonne April 9-1

How are you this fine ~~they~~ day. We are ~~lonely~~ here. When you come home some time. I'm feeling better and am talking better every day. Today is the first time I've been able to write. Mom is so happy that she has to be dancing a jig.

We love you deally

Dad

Please keep this letter it is priceless. It's first and only writing he has done since his stroke Aug. 10th 1962. He is going to get back to himself and be to read and write again. Mom

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

June 28-1966

Place

Springerville in White mts-

Weather

Hospital at 9:05^{a.m.} o'clock

Marion Winsor Gibbons
passed quietly away.

It was June 28-1966
at about 9:05 P.M. Marion
and I were watching a
show on our new
colored TV. I had given
it to him on Father's
Day as a present. I bought
it from a nephew Harvey
Gibbons Wilson June 16
1966 Father's Day. Just before
the show was finished
he stood up and said
"Lady my hands and
arms feel so strange
I've never had a feeling

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

like this before." I said
you have had them
laying on the arms
rest, maybe its effected
the circulation, shake them
and here let me rub
them, I did and he soon
felt better, but not just
right. We went to bed at
10 P.M. Slept soundly
until 5 A.M. when we
woke up I ask him how
he felt, well he said my
left side and chest feel
funny. My reply was
that you are going to
the hospital as soon as
we could get ready.

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

a time or two before
we left for the hospital
he said he still hurt
I was afraid it might
be a heart attack. I called
LaVelle and ask her if
she would drive, she
did. Linda Lee, Vincents
wife and baby went
with us. When we got
to the hospital, he caught
hold of my arm. He now
used a cane and as we
walked to ward the
hospital he said "Oh
Lady I had an awful
palje in my chest
when we were passing

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

the Becker place. I was afraid I'd never breath again. Ain't you glad we brought you to the hospital, where we can get help - I surely am!" I said.

We saw a nurse who took his pulse and blood pressure and reported to the Dr. that they were normal.

We then saw the Dr. he wanted to know all about his health history. I told it to him because I was in speech lead

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

been effected since his stroke Aug. 10-1962. He also had had a major operation for what Dr. Cummings and Dr. Jane Pursey thought was a small malignant growth in his kidney. They removed the kidney and found that a kidney stone had lodged there 17 yrs. before when he had an attack of kidney stones. He made a marvelous recovery from this operation. Again in 1963 on May 4 he was operated on in

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

South Side Hospital in
Mesa by Dr. Rudger P
Fjall. He had a sagging
bowel in the upper
stomach which had to
be shortened and they
cut out over a foot
of infected bowel near
the rectum. He also
went through this
operation with very little
trouble and was well
and strong as ever.

The Dr. said he would
like to keep him at the
hospital for a check up
I ask him what he
thought the trouble was

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

he said he would have to do more checking. I then said 'Do you have any idea what it might be he said "no I don't, it might be a thrombosis. I was frightened then, I was afraid he might have another stroke. We took him to a private room. It was then about 1 P.M. They brought him dinner some fish which he didn't like. When I looked at the plate he said "eat it for me lady there isn't a thing on the plate".

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

I like. He always had a nap as soon as he finished his dinner and cleaned up the table, which of late years he always did for me. He wanted LaVelle and I to go so he could sleep. We kissed him good-bye and as we were going out of the room he said Come get me to-morrow, we waved and smiled at him and left. Little knowing that was the last time we would ever see him alive.

Jack, our son, a dentist

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

has his office up the road just a little way so we drove up there and I told him that we had left Dad at the Hospital and would he call and see him before coming home. We did and found Dad feeling fine, ^{the} Dr. said. Dad told him he had never seen the Dr. since our call at the office. The said some one had taken an electric cardiogram but that was all they had done. The Dr. never saw him alive

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

Date

Place

Weather

again. The only time
he saw him was when
he & I went to the office
in the Hospital. Of the
suffering in the night
we never knew; they
never called us but
9:05 A.M. June 25th
he ask for the bed
pan, saying to feet

They gave him
the pan he spit up some
sighed and was gone.
One minute he was
mortal the next im-
ortal. He was changed
in a twinkle of an eye.
When Jack came

EVENTS AND PLACES VISITED

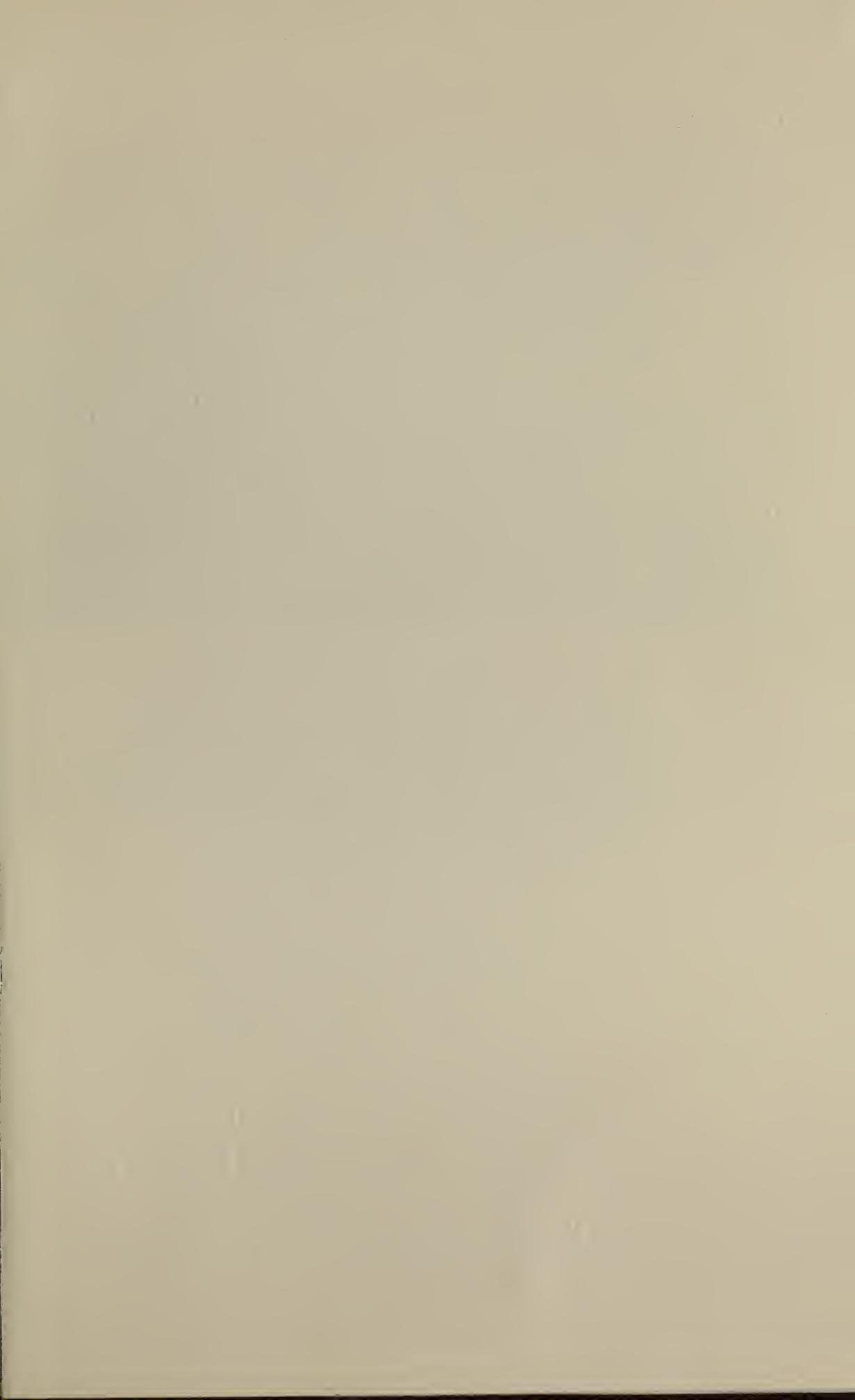
Date

Place

Weather

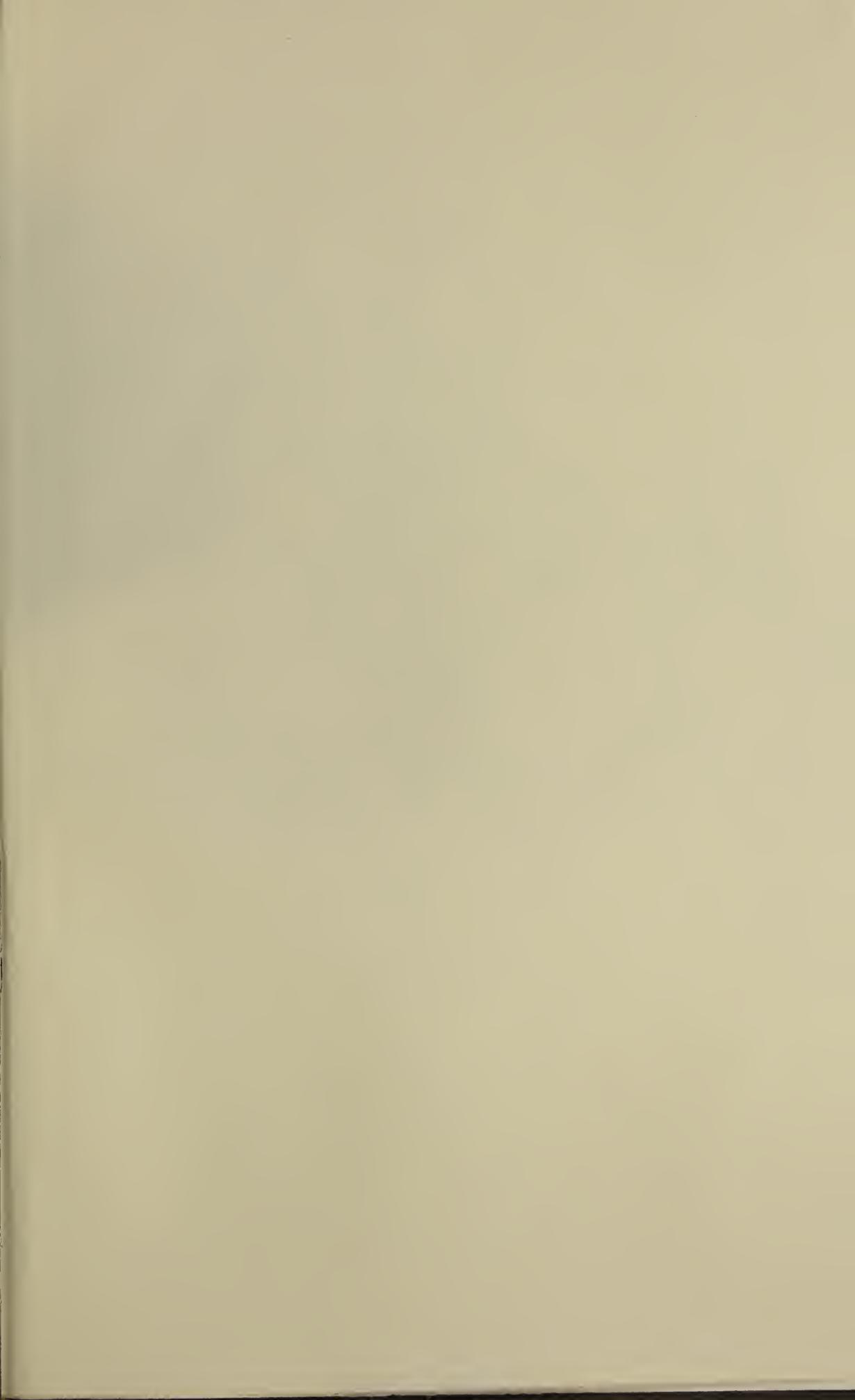
Home after visiting with his father, he said he was feeling fine and for us to be up there at 10 A.M. to bring him home. We were to leave at 9. I was already to leave when Katy come and told me "Daddy is dead." What an awful shock for a longtime I felt like I just couldn't stand it, my heart was broken but to day is Christmas Dec. 25-1966. He has been gone 3 mos. and I'm still here, hole & hearty but just as lonely and heart broken.

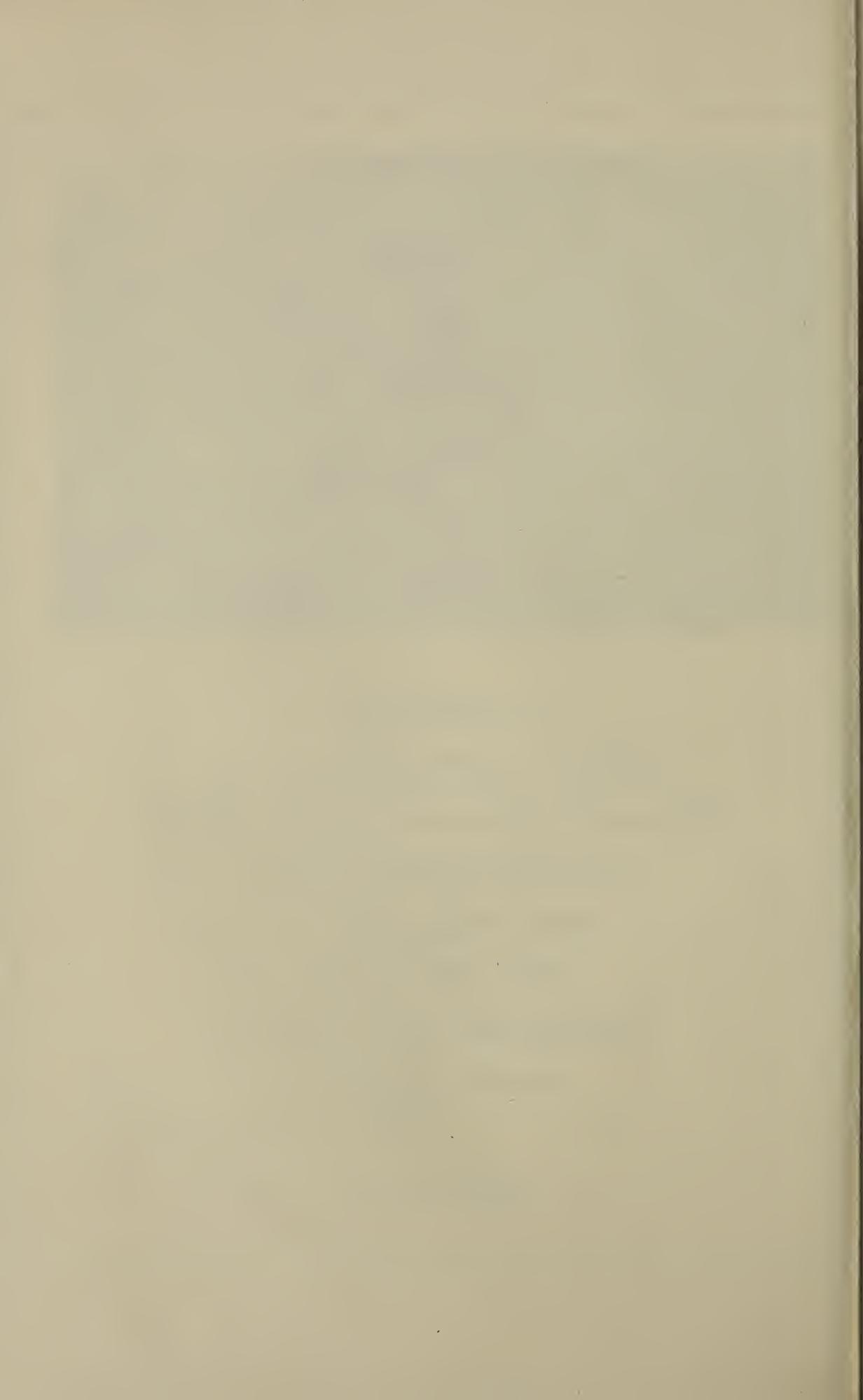


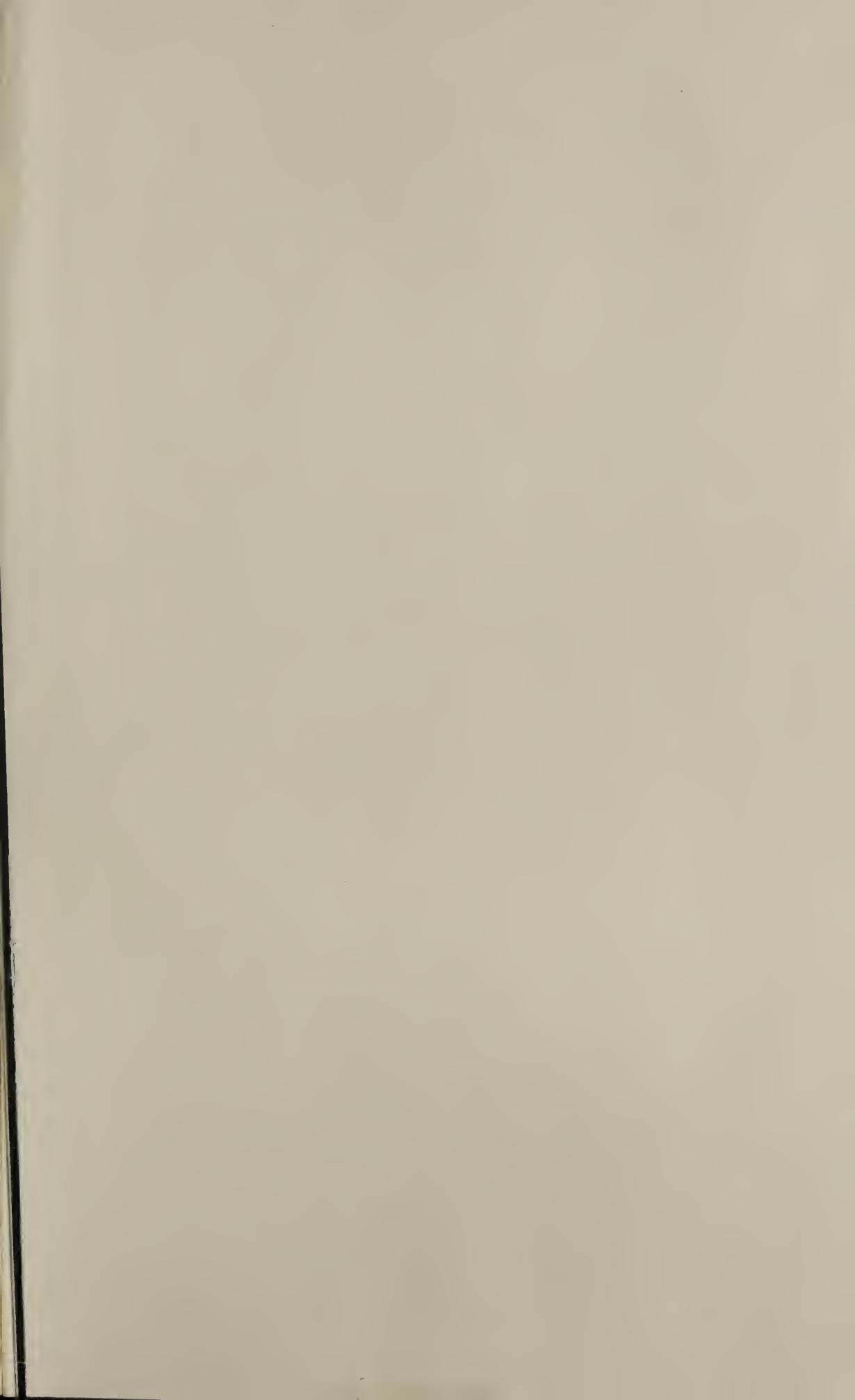




The Children of
Mr. and Mrs. Marion V. Gibbons
cordially invite you to a reception in honor of their
Golden Wedding Anniversary
on Friday, June 11, 1965
at 8:00 in the evening
in the L. D. S. Cultural Hall
St. Johns, Arizona
Married June 11, 1915
No gifts please











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